# SHE'S HAVING A BABY

by

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Shooting Dft =5 - Final 2
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"SHE'S HAVING A BABY"

1 EXT. CHURCH - DAY - JULY 82 1

It's a late summer day, Saturday. A Chicago suburb. Young people uncomfortable and unfamiliar in dress clothes enter the church along with the confident middle-aged couples and frumpy elderly relatives.

MAN'S VOICE
I loved her more than anything on the face of the Earth. Looking back, it was her eyes. You know the kind that are very light blue eyes with a border of black? Think back on all the people you've met in your life. One of them has those kind of eyes. When they look at you, you can't escape. Noble eyes, Royal eyes. And her voice. Especially on a telephone from a thousand miles away. I loved to hear that voice in the middle of the night with a little sleep in it. Or with a cold, a wee bit hoarse.

2 CU BRIDE - INT. CHURCH VESTIBULE - DAY 2

The most wonderful girl in the world. She's behind a veil. Innocent, gentle, delicate. Noble. She's gazing off into space with a look of peace and contentment.

MAN'S VOICE
I fell like a stone the first time I saw her. She fell just as hard.
(pause)
The only difference was... she knew why.

INT. CHURCH. VESTIBULE

She's sitting on a wooden bench in a small, close, and lovely little ante room. She's holding a bouquet of flowers. She's all alone.

MAN'S VOICE

Kristy was my mate for life. That's her name. Kristy. Kristen Bainbridge. That was her name. Now she has my name. Briggs. We're Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Briggs. My first name's Jefferson. But everybody calls me Jake. Except my grandmother. She calls me Booper. She's at the wedding. That's her next to my grandfather.

3 CU. ELDERLY COUPLE - INT. CHURCH - DAY 3

Jake's grandmother and grandfather. He's tall, dignified, Victorian. Grandmother's squat and compact. Also very proper.

MAN'S VOICE
She's not pleased.

GRANDMOTHER
He's too young, he's too immature and she's a gold-digger.

GRANDFATHER
(weary)
There's little or no gold to be dug, he's plenty old and people don't mature anymore. They stay jack-asses all their lives.

MAN'S VOICE
There's always been a strong streak of rationality among the males in the family. It's the women who keep things electrified.

3A CU. MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE 3A

Good, upstanding, parents. JIM and SARAH BRIGGS. Brooks Bros. clothes, GOP for politics. He's proud. She's irritated.

JIM
For crying out loud, can you put a smile on your face?

SARAH
Give me something to smile about.

JIM
She's not Catholic.

A hint of smile graces Sarah's cheeks.

MAN'S VOICE
Let's be fair. There's two sides to every coin.

* 4 INT: CHURCH LOBBY. ANOTHER MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE - DAY 4

Waiting in the church lobby for their cues. Kristy's parents. RUSS AND GAYLE. He's a forceful and powerful man with strong opinions and the conviction to stand by them. She defers to him at every turn. Kristy could be marrying a llama herder and Gayle would support it. Anybody in bed with his daughter would annoy Russ. Especially Jake.

4 CONTINUED 4 CONTD.

RUSS
Two bits the pea brain's gonna be late.

GAYLE
He won't be late.

RUSS
You wouldn't let me throw him out when I had the chance. Now the SOB's a goddamn relative.

Gayle silences him with an annoyed look.

INT. CHURCH.

The backs of heads. Slowly people turn as they hear Russ.

RUSS AND GAYLE

Sheepish smiles. Russ gives a little wave. Covers his embarrassment.

JAKE'S VOICE
That's Russ and Gayle. My in-laws. People that one day I would call Mom and Dad.

INT. CHURCH

The people mirror Russ and Gayle's smiles and turn back.

RUSS AND GAYLE

They continue their discussion. In slightly lower tones.

GAYLE
This is what Kristy wants. Please don't spoil it for her.

RUSS
Why? Because she's been so considerate of our feelings?

GAYLE
She's in love. You can't expect to be foremost in her mind. It's time for us to let her go.
(gentle)
Try to find the beauty in the way she feels about Jake.

4 CONTINUED 4 CONTD.

Russ stares at her like she's lost her mind. He looks at his watch. He curses under his breath.

RUSS
Where in God's name is the little moron?

5 EXT. CHURCH. CU. JAKE - DAY 5

Jake's outside, leaning against a Rover. He's obviously uncomfortable in his cutaway and buttoned collar.

MAN'S VOICE
That's me. The groom. About to charge headlong into the jaws of responsibility. You can see how much difficulty I'm having with the new skin I'm in.
(pause)
I also have to piss like a horse.

Jake shifts his weight from one foot to the other.

JAKE
What am I doing?

CU. JAKE'S BEST FRIEND

His name is DAVIS McDONALD. He's young, rich and not getting married today. Thus a healthy calm about him. He feels for his suffering buddy and the relationship he's losing.

JAKE'S VOICE
That's David McDonald. My best friend. He was my unofficial, unsanctioned wife. We got divorced when I married Kristy. He liked her, he may even have loved her. David is wealthy. His old man owns a meat company. There were few things Davis longed for in life the least of which was sliced baloney.

Davis looks at Jake.

JAKE AND DAVIS

They trade looks.

DAVIS
Do you realize that if it were ten thousand years ago, we'd both be nearing the end of our lives?

JAKE
So?

5B CONTINUED 5B CONT.

DAVIS
Why didn't you leave it alone?

JAKE
My grandmother wouldn't come to the wedding it I didn't fix it.

Jake looks at his watch. He tenses. Takes a deep breath.

JAKE
It's time.

Davis' smile drifts away. He drops his eyes to his lap. Jake takes a deep breath. He sniffs back the beginnings of a full-on cry.

JAKE
Here I am on the verge of binding myself to Kristy for life and I've never felt so alone. Damn! I'm gonna cry.

Jake's angry at himself for losing control of his emotions. Davis looks at him. He's suffering as well but is better able to control it.

DAVIS
We can split. But you'd be back tomorrow. You know what, Jake? You know why you feel like crying? Because you love her and you want her and you know there's no way around it.

Jake looks at him puzzled.

DAVIS
You were married the minute you saw her. Sixteen years old and you were gone.

Jake cracks a smile.

DAVIS
This is your destiny, Mr. Dick. To be forever caught in the crossfire between your head and your heart.

He gives Jake an affectionate jab in the upper arm.

JAKE
You think I'll be happy? Honestly.

5B CONTINUED 5B CONT.

DAVIS
Yeah, you'll be happy. You just won't know it.

JAKE'S VOICE
Never before and never again did he nail a moment more firmly than that afternoon. He's not all that wise. He just knew his subject matter very, very well.

DAVIS
This is the last time I'm gonna say it. You don't have to go through with this. You can walk. Say the word and we're outta here.

Davis' remark arouses the coward in Jake. He hesitates. He looks at the church and momentarily flirts with flight.

5C HIS POV - EXT. CHURCH - DAY 5C

A last straggler hurries into the church.

5D CU. JAKE - EXT. CHURCH - DAY 5D

There's doubt in his eyes.

CU. DAVIS

He sees an opportunity in Jake's doubt. He fires his last shot on the narrowing chance that Jake might back out.

DAVIS
Walk now, you wound her. Walk later, you kill her. In ten minutes, your problems begin to expand geometrically. Marriage'll wait...time won't.

CU. JAKE

He looks at Davis. A little fear. A lot of uncertainty.

EXT. CHURCH. JAKE AND DAVIS

Jake and Davis hold their looks on each other. Davis knows that Jake will not allow himself to back out. There's no point in pushing it further. He holds out his hand. He lets Jake off the hook. Gives him his emotional walking papers.

DAVIS
Don't grow up too fast.

5D CONTINUED 5D CONT.

Jake smiles and takes Davis' hand. He squeezes it. Davis pulls him into an embrace. THE OVERWHELMING SOUND OF A CHURCH ORGAN COMES IN AND CROSSES THE CUT.

6 INT. CHURCH - DAY 6

Wide. Full house. FROM THE BALCONY TO THE ALTAR.

INT. CHURCH. ALTAR.

At the altar are Kristy and her sister, LINDY, on one side, Jake and Davis on the other. MINISTER in the middle.

CU. KRISTY

All she sees is Jake. Contentment, satisfaction and love.

CU. JAKE

He's confused and worried.

CU. DAVIS

A look to Kristy. A hurt, lost look. Maybe he loves her.

CU. KRISTY

She looks at Davis. Acknowledges his look, says goodbye with her eyes and smile.

CU. KRISTY

She looks to the minister and prepares to receive the vows.

CU. MINISTER

He turns to Kristy.

MINISTER
Wilt thou, Kristen Nicole, have this man to be they wedded husband? Wilt thou honor him, comfort and keep him in sickness and in health?

CU. KRISTY

She accepts the vows.

KRISTY
I will.

CU. JAKE

He looks at the minister

6 CONTINUED 6 CONT.

CU. MINISTER

He looks to Jake.

MINISTER
Wilt thou, Jefferson Edward, have this woman to be thy wedded wife? Wilt thou comfort and keep her in sickness and in health? Wilt thou provide her with credit cards and a four bedroom, 2½ bath home, with walk-in closets and professional decorating? Wilt thou purchase adequate insurance on your life and property....

CU. JAKE

He blanches at the vows. He looks to Kristy.

MINISTER (OC)
...invest wisely and live within the limits of your income?

HIS POV

Kristy is listening to the vows as if they were perfectly correct.

MINISTER (OC)

Wilt thou keep the gutters clean and the basement free of rubbish and debris?

CU.. MINISTER

He reads on.

MINISTER
Wilt thou be understand when she is tired, headachy or upset about something, when she has her "friend", when she is pregnant, when she feels ugly or when she has a gigantic pimple on her chin?

He concludes the vows and looks to Jake for his reply

CU. JAKE

A pause. He draws a short, nervous breath.

JAKE
I wilt.

6 CONTINUED 6 CONT.

INT. CHURCH. ALTAR

Jake and Kristy turn to each other. The ORGAN FADES IN.

MINISTER
For as much as Jake and Kristy have consented together in holy wedlock and have witnessed the same before God and this company, by the joining of hands and the giving and exchanging of rings, I now pronounces that they are husband and wife.
(to Jake)
You may now kiss the bride.

Jake leans forward to kiss Kristy. He stops short as the Minister interrupts the moment. The ORGAN, which has been building a stirring crescendo, ENDS abruptly.

MINISTER
But don't mess up her face or hair because she still has to have her picture taken.

A FLASH BURNS-OUT THE FRAME, THE ORGAN COMES BACK IN AND WE DISSOLVE TO...

7 CU. PHOTO. PORTRAIT 7

Jake and Kristy in the official wedding portrait. She's smiling contentedly. He's in terror. Mouth open in a frozen shriek. Lunch a Munch painting. WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF A LARGE GATHERING; VOICES, COMMOTION AND COUNT BASIE.

* 8 INT. COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM - EVENING 8

The wedding reception. Very elegant, very expensive. Very crowded. Very much for the enjoyment of the adults. (COVER DANCING COUPLES, CONVERSATION, DRINKING, ASSORTED MERRIMENT)

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM

Jake and Kristy greeting guests. A burly FRIEND of the Dainbridge's is speaking into Jake's face.

FRIEND
Hurt this little girl in any way shape or form and I'll tie your peter in a knot.

JAKE
I'll keep that in mind, sir.

8 CONTINUED 8 CONT.

FRIEND
First boy you have, you've got my permission to name him after me. Boris. Boris Graham.

He ties an imaginary knot.

* 8A INT. BALLROOM. KRISTY - EVENING 8A

She's talking with an elderly couple. The WOMAN is holding Kristy's hands.

WOMAN
Don't be like so many of the young couples today who've turned their back on religon:

KRISTY
Oh, no. Not Jake and I.

WOMAN
If you're not inclined to attend Sunday services you can always watch them on TV. Do you have a TV?

KRISTY
Yes, we do.

WOMAN
(to her husband)
They have a TV.

MAN
(smiles)
Then they're all set.

* 9 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB. NIGHT 9

Jake's standing on a broad patio, overlooking the golf course. He's by himself, staring out at the moonlit golf course.

EXT. PATIO. KRISTY

She's watching Jake.

KRISTY
Jake?

HER POV

He turns to her.

9 CONTINUED 9 CONT.

CU. KRISTY

She smiles.

KRISTY
You okay?

CU. JAKE

Forces a smile.

JAKE
Yeah. I just came out to cool off a little.

EXT. PATIO

She walks across the patio to join him.

KRISTY
You're sure?

JAKE
Yeah. Are you alright?

KRISTY
I think I am. It's a little overwhelming.

JAKE
NO!

She laughs and lays her head on his chest.

BANDLEADER
(announces)
And now, something young--for the young at heart.

10 INT. BALLROOM. DAVIS - NIGHT 10

He's at the window, looking out. Sipping a drink. Thinking.

11 HIS POV - EXT. PATIO - NIGHT 11

Jake and Kristy on the patio.

12 CU. DAVIS - INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 12

Feeling very much the loser. He offers them an unseen toast with his tumbler.

13 EXT. PATIO - NIGHT 13

Jake and Kristy continue their conversation unaware that they're being watched.

KRISTY
Do you realize that this is the first time as a married couple that we've been alone?

JAKE
Let's hope it's not the last.

She puts her hands on his waist, slips them inside his tuxedo coat and pulls him to her. He takes her in his arms.

CU. KRISTY

She closed her eyes and moves in to kiss him.

TIGHT TWO SHOT

Lips nearly meet. A thunderous round of APPLAUSE interupts the moment.Kristy and Jake snap their looks around to the club.

THEIR POV

Wedding guests spilling out onto the patio, cheering the newlyweds. Camera's flash.

MAN 1
Can't wait until tonight, huh?

MAN 2
Sock it to her, stud!

A series of extreme close-ups of:

MIDDLE-AGED MAN bellowing drunkenly.
MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN cackling, toasting her scotch.
ELDERLY WOMAN smiles winks and shakes her fist.

13 CONTINUED 13 CONT.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Babies! Make those babies!

MAN IN HIS THIRTIES curls his tongue and whistles.
FLOWER GIRL applauding wildly.
BUSBOY letting out a spirited yelp.
RUSS choking on his laughter.
BORIS ties his imaginary knot, cigar stuffed in his cheeks.
GAYLE crying and laughing.
DAVIS very reserved, a quiet toast.
JIM big proud smile, tears in his eyes.
SARAH bombed, laughing her head off.
OVER A CONTINUING SERIES OF RECEPTION GUESTS...

JAKE'S VOICE
Let's talk honeymoon...

DISSOLVE FROM THE FACES TO...

14 EXT. MOTEL. SOMEWHERE IN ICWA - NIGHT 14

A bright, moonlit night in the Great Plains. Corn fields, highway and a Holiday Inn. A BMW 2002 with a roof rack is parked in front.

JAKE'S VOICE
I had to get back to school so there wasn't time for the traditional honeymoon. our first night as a legal couple was in a motel on the road.

* 15 - 18 OMIT 15-18 OMIT

* 19 INT. MOTEL ROOM. KRISTY - NIGHT 19

Bed, chest of drawers, TV, side chair. Two opened suitcases at the foot of the bed. Kristy's sleeping. Jake's sitting in bed next to her watching TV.

JAKE'S VOICE
There's nothing good to see. She had her period.

He sighs.

FADE DOWN

19XA EXT. GREAT PLAINS - DAY 19XA

The BMW cruises across the wide-open spaces.

19XB EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY 19XB

Over the Rocky Mountains.

19XC EXT. DESERT - DAY 19XC

Through the Southwestern Desert.

A20 INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT - SEPT. 82 A20

A mattress on the floor. A TV on an old dresser. A beautiful comforter, pillow cases and sheets on the bed.

B20 INT. HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT B20

A grim little john, bland and utilitarian except for the plush monogrammed towel set.

C20 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT C20

Tired, worn Danish modern living room set. A typewriter on the coffee table, neat stacks of paper on the floor, text books.

D20 CU. WINDOW LEDGE - NIGHT D20

A daisy in a Coke bottle, a pair of Royal Copenhagen porcelain rabbits and two toy license plates, ""JAKE" and "KRISTY".

20 EXT. ARIZONA DESERT. CINDER BLOCK HOUSE. NIGHT 20

Student housing. A grim little four flat just off the campus. The old BMW 2002 is parked in front.

JAKE'S VOICE
Our first address. Not pretty. But cheap. And happy.
(pause)
Sort of.

* 21 INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 21

Jake and Kristy are having dinner in the tiny kitchen. Kristy's made every attempt to brighten-up the kitchen and make it her own. Every centimeter of available space is consumed by wedding gift appliances. A tremendous amount of food is heaped on the small, chipped formica dinette in the cramped kitchen.

KRISTY
Aren't you hungry?

JAKE
(polite and generous)
I must say, I'm getting a little full.

21 CONTINUED 21 CONT.

KRISTY
You don't like fish?

JAKE
I love fish.

KRISTY
If you loved it, you'd eat it. I only made it because it's healthier.

JAKE
I honestly love it. It's just weird to have...
(looks at the plate)
Sword fish?

She nods, yes.

JAKE
(continues)
And...
(looks at the plate)
What's this?

KRISTY
(firm, annoyed)
Trout.

Jake slips on his glasses and leans over the plate. It doesn't look much like trout to him. He removes the glasses and points to another item on the plate.

KRISTY
(equally annoyed)
Grouper.

JAKE
Uh, huh. Whatever I say or don't say, the french fries are fabulous.

He takes a bite of a fried rectangle.

KRISTY
That's breaded smelt.

She takes the plate from him.

KRISTY
I didn't know what you liked and I didn't feel like guessing. I'm trying to make you happy and you mock me. Thanks.

21 CONTINUED 21 CONT.

Kristy dumps the dinner in the sink.

JAKE
What're you doing?

Kristy sighs, releasing her anger. She looks at Jake.

KRISTY
I have to get a job. I have to get out of here. Take classes or do something with myself or you're gonna weigh four hundred pounds. I'm not mad. I don't like fish either.

JAKE
You don't need a job. You don't need to take classes.
(pause)
I have to get out of here.

Kristy gives Jake a look of concern. Jake returns the look. It's an uncomfortable moment of mutual doubt.

KRISTY
Don't start that, Jake.

JAKE
College is like high school with ashtrays. I don't know where I'm going and I'm paying a lot of money not to find out.

Kristy crosses to him. Takes a seat facing him, puts her hands on his knees.

KRISTY
Come on, you're just being weak. You have two more years. It doesn't matter if you know where you're going right now. Just finish what you started.

JAKE
I didn't learn anything as an undergraduate and I'm learning less as a graduate student. Davis quit school. He's starting his own business.

KRISTY
With his Dad's money. I don't think you'd do that.

21 CONTINUED 21 CONT.

JAKE
His life's begun. Mine's on indefinite hold.

KRISTY
(after a pause)
You honestly don't think you're learning anything?

22 INT. CLASSROOM. PROFESSOR - DAY 22

A bearded academian with a tweed sport coat, brown twill pants and New Balance sneakers is sitting on the edge of a desk, toying with his pipe. The professor steps forward and begins spouting absolutes on the subject of writing. He accents "with an angle" with a stiff sweep of his hand.

PROFESSOR
The modern publisher wants brevity, clarity and readability. With an angle. He wants sharp, concise thoughts expressed in terse, seering bursts of language. With an angle. Rich characterizations, pinpoint observations and stark truth.

INT. CLASSROOM. CLASS

They mimic the Prof.'s gestures and his speaking voice.

CLASS
With an angle.

PROFESSOR

He nods. He's pleased.

JAKE

He's sitting at his desk, staring incredulously at the professor. He's bored and lost. Not a note taken, not a thought worth saving.

PROFESSOR (OC)
Words that leap from the page and grab the reader and entertain him to the depths of his soul.

HIS POV

The professor lights his pipe and stands.

PROFESSOR
You're here to learn. I'm here to teach. Why? Because I can get paid. Can I write myself? No. If I could, I would but I have no talent. I have no original ideas or thoughts. I lord my PhD over people like yourself who pay outrageous sums of money to listen to my horseshit and then face a brutal job market for which you are not trained, not needed and not wanted. I wouldn't know a magazine editor, a book publisher, a film producer or a creative talent if he walked up to me, yanked on my pecker and called me a hoot owl.

He turns to the desk and picks up a text book.

PROFESSOR
Let's continue.

CU. JAKE

He's staring in disbelief.

JAKE'S VOICE
From the time I was old enough to listen, I had been told that college guaranteed a better life. I had also been told that boys who played with fire wet their beds. I played with fire and I went to college. My bed was dry and my life was empty. If I quit college would my house burn down?

* 23 - OMIT 23 OMIT

24 PROFESSOR - INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 24

He's balancing a book on his nose, arms spread wide, bobbing and weaving to hold the book in balance.

PROFESSOR
James Joyce was a hell of a good writer but, by God, he couldn't do this...

He removes the book and bows deeply.

INT. CLASSROOM

Jake's catatonic. The students applaud wildly. Standing ovation.

JAKE'S VOICE
I quit, we returned home and I got my first full-time job.

25 EXT. WAREHOUSE. DAY - NOV. 82 25

A massive, turn-of-the-century, red brick building. A large sign on a barbed wire fence reads -- AMERICAN CONSOLIDATED MERCHANDISE DISTRIBUTORS. ESTB. 1841

JAKE'S VOICE

My college experience enabled me to secure a desk job. Five dollars and fifteen cents an hour.

26 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 26

Jake's sitting at a desk in a giant warehouse. He and his desk are dwarfed by the vastness of the warehouse. He's two-finger typing on a manual machine. The sound of the keys echo in the huge space. A strange, tractor-like vehicle pulls INTO FRAME, cruises around behind Jake's desk and stops. An ELDERLY MAN in a grey smock climbs down off the tractor and walks to Jake's desk.

ELDERLY MAN
You got that requisition, Jake?

Jake leans forward, hits one more key and pulls the sheet out of the typewriter. He hands it to the old man.

ELDERLY MAN
(looks at the requisition)
You're a helluva typer.

JAKE
Yeah?

ELDERLY MAN
You bet. People notice. If you're not a supervisor trainee in fifteen years, I'll be very surprised. By the turn of the century, you could be a depot chief.

JAKE
I'll keep my fingers crossed.

The Elderly Man mounts the tractor and drives out. Jake opens his desk drawer and takes out a piece of paper. He slips it into the typewriter, lines it up and begins to type.

CU. PAPER

It's a title page. It reads..."FIRST COMES LOVE (THEM COMES MARRIAGE)". By JEFFERSON BRIGGS.

26 CONTINUED 26 CONTD.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Jake continues typing. A door in an office at the back of the warehouse opens and a man leans out. He yells.

MAN
LUNCH! HALF HOUR!

A lunch truck PULLS INTO FRAME, drives down the warehouse and parks along the side of the warehouse. A DRIVER with a tall, white chef's hat gets out, opens the side of the truck. The hapless workers leave their desks and cross to the truck. Jake continues typing. The workers make their humble purchases and return to their desks.

RUSS (VO)
I think a man can judge his success or failure by the amount of overtime his wife works. Don't you agree, Jake?

27-29 OMIT 27-29 OMIT

30 EXT. KRISTY'S HOUSE, NIGHT - APRIL '83 30

A large, solid, upper-class residence.

* 31 INT. KRISTY'S PARENT'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT 31

Big, rich and intimidating. Russ and Gayle are at either end of the table. Jake and Kristy are across from each other. Jake gives Russ a chilly look. Russ isn't fazed.

KRISTY
That's part of the job, Dad. I don't work late because we need the money. We don't. We're fine.

GAYLE
That's true, Russ.

RUSS
What do you know but what they've told you? Did we raise her to answer telephones and live in a shoe box?

* 32 OMIT 32 OMIT

* 33 Kristy stands in Jake's defense. 33

KRISTY
We didn't come over to get insulted, Dad.

RUSS
If he above criticism?

Russ looks at Jake. Gayle jumps in to avoid any further confrontation.

33 CONTINUED 33 CONT.

GAYLE
(to Jake)
Kristy said you were uncomfortable calling Russell and I Mom and Dad. I think that's foolish. You needn't...

Russ cuts her of.

RUSS
Gayle! Will you please!'
(to Jake)
If you wanted to piss your life away writing some goddamn book nobody's ever gonna give a crap about, you shouldn't have involved my daughter. Let's say she gets pregnant. What're you going to do? Three can't live on what you make. Two can't.

CU. JAKE

A horrifying vision crosses his mind.

* 33A EXT. CITY STREET 33A

Jake and Kristy, dressed in rags, walking down a sidewalk pushing a shopping cart. Five toddlers are standing in the cart:

KRISTY
What do you want for dinner?

JAKE
Doughnuts?

KRISTY
We had that last night.

JAKE
I don't care. Anything but fish.

* 34 EXT. KRISTY'S PARENT'S HOUSE. PORCH. NIGHT 34

It's dark. Jake's sitting on the porch. Looking up at the night sky.

HIS POV

Trees swaying in the breeze. A full moon.

EXT. PORCH

Kristy comes out the door and sits next to Jake. She rests her head against his shoulder.

34 CONTINUED 34 CONT.

KRISTY
What're you thinking about?

JAKE
Nothing.

KRISTY
My Mom and I just got my Dad to admit that he was being rude. You want to come in? He went to bed.

JAKE
It's kind of nice out here.
(pause)
He wasn't entirely wrong.

Kristy's surprised by the remark.

JAKE
If you weren't working, we'd be broke.

KRISTY
So? I am working and we're not.

JAKE
And you're still married to a child. I have a job but I don't even know what to do.

KRISTY
You're not happy at the warehouse?
(suppresses a smile)
You could make depot chief by the turn of the century.

Jake cracks a smile. Arm around her-get closer.

KRISTY
What should you do?

JAKE
The question is what <u>can</u> I do?

KRISTY
You have a BA in romance languages. With a minor in...

JAKE
Elizabethan poetry.

KRISTY
Let's figure-out what skills you have.

JAKE
I don't have any skills.

KRISTY
You have skills. You're just being modest.

34 CONTINUED 34 CONT.

JAKE
(thinks)
I can twist the truth, distort reality, put a couple of good sentences together, I can drink coffee and tolerate drunks.

KRISTY
Okay. All we have to do is find a business that has a call for those skills.

35 CU. COMPANY SIGN PLATE - DAY 35

Brushed aluminum. DILLMAN, PATTERSON AND REED ADVERTISING.

* 36 INT. OFFICE. JAKE - DAY 36

His hair is neatly combed. He's wearing a suit and a tie. He looks very uncomfortable and out of place with himself. He's sitting on a sofa in a large, well-appointed office.

INT. OFFICE. AD MEN

A handsome, urbane man in his early forties, HOWARD BAILEY and a man in his mid-thirties, a little looser and easier going, BILL COLLIER are seated in side chairs. They're staring at Jake.

CU. JAKE

He offers a timid smile.

CU. HOWARD

No smile. Just a cold stare. His eyes shift down to his lap and a file folder.

HOWARD
It says here on your resume that you worked for a Japanese advertising agency.

He shifts his eyes up, a suspecting glance.

HOWARD
Netsu?

CU. JAKE

He displays all the standard gestures of a man lying. Clears his throat, shifts in his seat, avoids eye contact.

JAKE
Netsu.

HOWARD
Netsu.

36 CONTINUED 36 CONT.

ECU. HOWARD

He nods. Doesn't believe a word. Looks to Bill.

ECU. BILL

Bill looks at Howard. Then to Jake.

BILL
Netsu is one of our foreign subsidiaries.

ECU. JAKE

He's caught.

CU. HOWARD

He leans back in his chair. Out of the close-up.

HOWARD
There're thousands of advertising agencies all over this world. You happened to choose one that we own. We knew you're full of crap.

CU. BILL

Bill concurs.

BILL
Your resume, however, is some of the most brilliant fiction I've ever read.

CU. JAKE

He nods. Gives up. He's lost. Feels very foolish.

CU. HOWARD

Strokes his chin. He has Jake caught.

HOWARD
There's no question you can write. Anybody who comes in lying this hard must want to work pretty bad.

CU. HOWARD

A hint of a smile graces his round cheeks.

HOWARD
I have a file cabinet filled with resumes from arrogant little dickheads who think the world owes them a fat salary because they have a marketing degree. You know what I think of a marketing degree?

36 CONTINUED 36 CONT.

He raises one cheek of his rump off the chair, smiles as Jake gets the idea. He lowers himself down.

HOWARD
How do you feel about slave wages?

JAKE
Slave wages are good.

HOWARD
How do you feel about reporting to Bill?

JAKE
Reporting to Bill is good.

HOWARD
Do you think you can make something of yourself?

JAKE
I think I can make something of myself.

BILL
How do you feel about alcoholics?

JAKE
I like alcoholics.

A37 EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY A37

Jake is among the commuters waiting for the morning train.

JAKE'S VOICE
I got the job. We celebrated with Chinese food and Kristy bought me two suits, six ties and a commuter rail pass.

He boards the train.

B37 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY B37

A commuter train empties its human cargo. Jake works his way up the platform to the terminal.

JAKE'S VOICE
I was being paid to write. Not novels. Ads. The pay was miserable but the work was respectable and offered ample reward for diligence and ambition.

C37 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY C37

Jake cross the terminal, climbs the stairs and exits onto the street.

JAKE'S VOICE
People were taking notice of my abilities. There was something fresh and exciting in the way I wrote about disposable diapers.

37 INT. OFFICE - DAY 37

He's sitting frozen behind a steel desk in a tiny, windowless cubicle. Desk, wastebasket, typewriter, pencil, stack of paper. Jake's wearing a shirt and tie.

JAKE'S VOICE
There was a career to be made. I was meeting my obligations. Making a life for Kristy and I. There was finally a future in my future.
(pause)
So why did I feel like I was drowning?

He opens his mouth, releasing a string of air bubbles. We realize he's under the water.

* 38 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - JULY '83 38

Jake and Kristy are standing with a short, squat, over-dressed, over-perfumed REAL ESTATE AGENT. They're looking at the house in question.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
Have you ever seen a cuter house?

Kristy and Jake smile politely.

THEIR POV

A cute little dump. Screaming for repairs. Shrieking for dollars and sweat.

INT. HOUSE. WINDOW

A sheer curtain draws back to reveal Jake, Kristy and the real estate lady outside, across the street.

EXT. STREET

The agent adds a note of urgency.

* 38A OMIT 38A OMIT

REAL ESTATE AGENT
It just came on this afternoon. If you hear it calling your name, you better grab it fast. Homes in this area don't last very long.

* 38B CU. REAL ESTATE SIGN - DAY 38B

A rusty metal sign leg is surrounded by a healthy growth of weeds and grass. The sign has been in place a good long time. A "Sold" sticker is affixed to it. It's pulled out of the ground. A lawn mower zips past. We move up from the freshly cut swath to...

39 EXT. HOUSE. DAY 39

The grass is cut. The shutters are repaired. The house is painted. Jake's car is in the driveway.

40 INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 40

A coffee table. Nothing else.

JAKE'S VOICE
It was our and it was empty.

41 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 41

Empty. The carpet's pulled up. The walls are freshly painted.

JAKE'S VOICE
Every cent we had we spent on the down payment.

42 INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - DAY 42

Boxes. Nothing more. Fresh paint. Bare floors.

JAKE'S VOICE
Kristy refused to borrow from her parents and forbade me from borrowing from mine.

43 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 43

New refrigerator. The shelf paper and scissors on the counter. All the wedding appliances in their boxes.

JAKE's VOICE
No one could lay claim to it but us.

44 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY 44

Jake and Kristy sitting on the floor eating dinner and watching a TV resting on its packing carton. A ladder, tarps, paint buckets. New paint on the walls.

KRISTY
If you get a Christmas bonus, can we get a breakfront?

JAKE
A breakfront? For what?

KRISTY
For the china, stupid.

44 CONTINUED 44 CONT.

JAKE
Wouldn't it make more sense to get a table to put the china on?

KRISTY
Then what do I put the china in?

JAKE
Where is it now?

KRISTY
Boxes.

JAKE
Why don't you keep it in the boxes and put it on the table. When we get a table.

KRISTY
I don't want to fight about the breakfront. We'll just get it and it'll be fine. Let's discuss the living room.

45 INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER - DAY 45

A coffee table and a small end table are the only real pieces of furniture. Where the future pieces will go are marked by pieces of newspaper laid on the floor. Kristy and Jake are looking the place over. Kristy moves one of the newspaper templates from one side of the room to the other.

JAKE
My mother offered to buy us a couch. I don't know why you turned her down.

KRISTY
Two reasons. First, she wanted to pick it out and therefore make sure I decorate the house to her taste and second, if she gave us a couch she'd want to come over all the time and admire it.

JAKE
Would that be so bad?

KRISTY
Let's not fight.

45 CONTINUED 45 CONT.

JAKE
Who's fighting?

KRISTY
We're getting ready.

JAKE
You made the nasty remark.

Kristy doesn't like the new location for newspaper couch. She returns it to its original position.

KRISTY
It wasn't nasty. It was true. What did your mother say when they came over here the first time?

JAKE
She said they liked the place.

KRISTY
To you. What did she say to me?

JAKE
I don't remember.

KRISTY
She said and I quote. "It's amazing how little your housing dollar buys today."

JAKE
(embarrassed)
She was just stating a simple economic fact.

KRISTY
Every time family comes up we fight so why don't we drop it?

JAKE
I can handle it. You can't. That's what's bothering you.

KRISTY
This is our house, we'll have our own family, our own life. Your family and my family don't matter.

JAKE
I'd like to have them over <u>once.</u>

45 CONTINUED 45 CONTD

KRISTY
They were over once. They'll be over once again.

JAKE
Nothing you say or do will change the fact that they're my flesh and blood.

The hint of exclusivity in the remark bothers Kristy.

KRISTY
If they're you're flesh and blood, what am I?

JAKE
You're my wife. You're not my flesh and blood.

Jake compounds the problem.

KRISTY
Well, then why don't you go move in with them? You share flesh and blood with them. With me, it's just gold bands and bath towels.

JAKE
That's not what I meant.

KRISTY
They're your flesh and blood. I'm not. I'm just the asshole who married you.

JAKE
Do you mean that?

KRISTY
No!

JAKE
This is ridiculous.

KRISTY
Very.

She storms out of the room. He sits down on the floor, pulls his legs up to his chest and rests his head on his knees.

JAKE'S VOICE
The job, the house, the furniture, the fights...those were symptoms. The disease was maturity and it was happening faster than I ever dreamed possible. In the back of my mind I thought I might be the mythical immortal one, the true Peter Pan. I was sorely mistaken.

45 CONTINUED 45 CONTD.

He gets up and moves the newspaper couch to a new position. A TRAIN WHISTLE COMES UP.

* 46 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY 46

Nothing but men's shoes and raised newspapers. Wall street Journals and Chicago Tribunes. WE MOVE DOWN THE TRAIN seeing no faces, only newsprint. MOVE TO THE BACK OF THE TRAIN and Jake. He's on the aisle. No paper. A notebook in his lap. A pen in his hand. He's staring, wondering what he's doing in the company of these people. His eyes shift to his neighbor, a man, THE MOLE. in his very early twenties, wearing a suit, a topcoat and a grey felt hat. It chills Jake's blood to see a contemporary so satisfied with the loss of his youth. Unaware that he's being scrutinized, the Mole takes a nose hair clipper ott of his pocket, flares his nostril and gives himself a quick trim. He brings out a pipe lodds it and lights up. He checks his pocket watch and looks at Jake. A good morning smile. Jake's too stunned to return the smile.

JAKE'S VOICE
How could a guy my age actually feel comfortable in a hat? I hated the sight of the bastard. I saw him every day. Hated him. Why? Either it was because he was a geek. Or it was that he was content. Only one reason was valid.

MOLE
Train's running a little slow.

He turns back to his paper content as a cow.

47 EXT. STANDARD OIL BUILDING - DAY 47

The marble tower on the lake. It's summer.

* 48 INT. OFFICE - DAY 48

Jake's moved on and up. He now has a small window office. He's dressed in a suit. He's sitting with Bill Collier, sipping coffee, feet up on Jake's desk. Jake's behind the desk, leaning back in his chair. The office is cluttered with adman debris.

BILL
I can see where you're going...but, it'll never fly. It's not going to work.

JAKE
That's it...that's it...!Fifteenth one...I can't come up with anything else.

BILL
Give it one more shot. You've been here, what sixteen months? What do you expect? Five... ten years, you'll be doing it in your sleep.

48 CONTINUED 48 CONT.

JAKE
Ten years? I don't intend to write ads all my life.

BILL
This is temporary, right?

JAKE
Very temporary.

BILL
I felt the same way when I was your age. In fact, I actually quit once.

JAKE
Yeah?

BILL
To write a book. I built six bird houses, put on twenty pounds, watched five thousand hours of TV, wrote a page and a half and called Howard and got my job back.

Jake takes a sip of his coffee.

BILL
Everybody tries and everybody comes back. The rare individual breaks out but it's too infrequent to warrant consideration. Forget it.

JAKE
Fine. I'm him.

Bill pulls a diaper out of a sample box.He plays with the tape tab. He pulls it open. It tears off the diaper. He flicks it away.

BILL
What? You're making pretty good money for a guy your age.

JAKE
So?

BILL
So, you could feel just as incomplete and be living on the dole. I measure my life in degrees of happiness. I'm supporting my family in a way that makes me happy, I'm driving a nice car, I have a nice house, once a year I write an ad that I'm proud of.

JAKE
That's what you want?

BILL
No, that's what I take. You never get what you want. The guys that jump off the Michigan Avenue bridge on their fortieth birthdays are the ones who want more than they'll ever get.

JAKE
You depress the shit out of me.

BILL
What do you think I do to myself?

JAKE
You have no aspiration? No dreams?

BILL
Nightmares. There comes a time in a man's life when his dreams convert to nightmares My life is over. My dreams are dead. Start now. Save yourself the trouble. Join me in this hell.

JAKE
Thanks anyway.

48 CONTINUED 48 CONT.

JAKE'S VOICE
He was my boss. I secretly believed that he was terrified that I might make something of myself outside the field. If I did he'd be reminded in living color of his own failures. The last thing I needed at this point in my life was a thirty six year old manic depressant begrudging me my youth. I was frightened enough that it was evaporating.

*49 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD. AFTERNOON. LATER - DAY - SEPT. 83 49

A block party. The street's been closed and barbeques are smoking, kids are running wild, lawn chairs are set up all over the lawns. Middle-management men in their thirties drink beer and show off their white legs. Women still working on losing their pregnancy fat chatter like crows.

50 EXT. STREET. JAKE - DAY 50

He's sitting on a nylon strap lawn chair holding a Diet 7-UP. He's flanked by a chubby, balding man, KEN, and a tall, lanky red-haired man, HANK. Jake's very uncomfortable.

50 CONTINUED

50 CONT.

KEN
There I was with eight 2250's on the fritz and me holding my putz making excuses left and right.

HANK
That's a garbage unit. Why'd you discontinue the 2120? That was an excellent unit.

KEN
Higher margin on the 2250.

HANK
And everytime you sell one you put a crap stain on the company image. You're boxing your clown if you think that's good business.

KEN
When they introduced the stinkin' thing I told our district manager that the world needs the 2250 like an elephant needs a bigger asshole.

HANK
And?

KEN
He's a goddamn former engineer. He said that if an elephant had a bigger asshole, he'd waste less energy taking a crap and would be overall a more efficient animal.

HANK
You can't win.
(to Jake)
Are you familiar with the 2250?

JAKE
What is it?

Ken and Hank laugh.

HANK
Where you been all your life, Briggs?

KEN
It's a P valve.

JAKE
Oh.

50 CONTINUED 50 CONT.

KEN
(mocks him)
Oh.

There's a pause as Ken and Hank bottom out their beers and pop new ones. In unison.

* 51 EXT. STREET. KRISTY - DAY 51

She's standing with two women, LYNN AND CYNTHIA. They're in their early thirties, dressed and styled as if it was 1975. Hair done as it was done their senior year in high school, jeans that don't cover the tops of their Reebok hightops. Matching t-shirts that say, "I'M HER BEST FRIEND". She's as out of place as Jake was with the men.

LYNN
If I was Barbara Bennet, I'd throw Milt right out on his ass.

CYNTHIA
Are you friendly with Barbara?

KRISTY
Not really. Just to say hello.

LYNN
Do you know her husband's cheating on her incessantly?

CYNTHIA
Oh, it's so freaky how tolerant she is. And dumb!

LYNN
Milt's such a hunk, I'd do it with him in a minute myself. I pity Barbara. She'll never be able to hold onto him.

CYNTHIA
He won't leave the kids.

LYNN
If I ever catch Ken, I'll sue his pooper so hard he won't know if he's coming, going or...

LYNN AND CYNTHIA
...parked in a tow-away zone.

They break up. Kristy looks down the street.

51 CONTINUED 51 CONT.

LYNN
I'll suck every last dime out of him.

* 52 KRISTY'S POV - DAY 52

Jake's sitting with Ken and Howard. He yawns.

53 EXT. STREET. KRISTY - DAY 53

The ladies continues their bashing. Kristy fells ill.

LYNN
Did you notice that Barbara changed her hair? I think it's pathetic. She's trying so hard to hold onto Milt.

They look down the block. The other ladies and Kristy look.

54 THEIR POV - EXT. LAWN - DAY 54

A plain, simple woman in her mid-thirties, BARBARA, is sitting on a lawn playing with her two young children. There's a sadness and isolation to her. Obvious affection for the children.

CYNTHIA'S VOICE
She's desperate, what do you expect? Milt's the winner any way you look at it. He gets it out of the house and when he comes home Barbara's so flipped out she'll do it any way he wants it.

A handsome, Ralph Lauren casual man, MILT, walks over and scoops up one of the children. Barbara looks up at him to speak but he's gone before she can say anything.

CYNTHIA'S VOICE
He's a prick. But he's awfully good-looking.

* 55 EXT. STREET. THE WOMEN - DAY 55

Kristy holds her look on Barbara. The other ladies turn back and continue.

CYNTHIA
That is so sad.

KRISTY
Why's she by herself? Why won't you invite her to join us?

55 CONTINUED 55 CONT.

LYNN
All she does is complain.

CYNTHIA
She's a complete downer.

LYNN
I hate to say it but she's a sympathy junkie.

Enough of Barbara, on to new territory.

CYNTHIA
You can't really understand this right now. You and Jake are still in the cooing stage.

LYNN
That'll change.

CYNTHIA
And how.

KRISTY
Just because you're not close to your husbands, doesn't mean I can't be close with mine.

CYNTHIA
Did we say we weren't close with our husbands?

LYNN
I didn't hear anything about us not being close with our husbands.

CYNTHIA
Because I'd kill him if he cheated on me? That's not a lack of closeness, that's self respect, hon. You have so much to learn.

LYNN
How can she learn anything when she's working all the time.

* 55A EXT. STREET. JAKE - DAY 55A

Still sitting with Ken and Howard.

KEN
You know what two things I most like about you, Briggsie?

55A CONTINUED 55A CONT.

Jake looks at him. He has no idea.

KEN
Your wife and your lawnmower.

Jake stares at him.

HANK
I've seen your wife, what kind of mower do you drive, Briggsie?

JAKE
I don't know. It was a gift. I never looked.

Ken and Hank stare at him. They've never known a man who didn't know what kind of a mower he drives.

KEN
Big Yard King 410. It'll put a shine on your nob. Beautiful machine.

HANK
The 410's for shit. I like the old 380.

KEN
You're outta your mind! The grass catcher on the 410 has a third more capacity than the 380. That alone makes it a better unit.

HANK
The 410 has a plastic flywheel. Ten seasons down the pike and this kid's gonna be borrowing my 380. Mark my words.

Jake looks down the street.

* 55B EXT. STREET. KRISTY 55B

Talking with the ladies.

LYNN
(to Kristy)
Where do you work?

KRISTY
I'm a receptionist at Comtex.

55B CONTINUED 55B CONT.

CYNTHIA
(to Lynn)
You owe me a dollar.
(to Kristy)
I bet Lynn a dollar that you were a lawyer. I knew you weren't a career woman. You offered to make pies for the party. Every career woman who's lived in the neighborhood has offered to bring something no one's ever heard of.
(to Cynthia)
What was that thing Sheila Walker-Reynolds brought last year?

LYNN
Goat cheese ravioli.

CYNTHIA
That wasn't it.

LYNN
I beg your pardon, it certainly was. Don't you remember when she told Hank what it was how he spit it in the gutter and the Thackery's dog ate in and had the runs all over Lonette's new carpet.

CYNTHIA
That was Ken and it was raw tuna.

LYNN
No, the raw tuna was in 1979. Sheila moved in in '80. I distinctly remember Lonette borrowing my rug shampooer in the middle of the night.

CYNTHIA
You're wrong.

* 55C EXT. STREET. JAKE 55C

Ken and Hank continue bickering.

HANK
You buy that crappy vinyl garden hose and the sun heats it up and when you wash your dog, you scald the shit out of him.

KEN
It happened once.

55C CONTINUED

55C CONT.

HANK
Twice.

KEN
Okay, so? What's that have to do with lawnmowers?

HANK
A man who can't make an intelligent purchase decision on garden hose, isn't qualified to pass judgment on lawnmowers. That's a quote.
(to Jake)
Wives are like lawnmowers. The flashy jobs wear out quick. The good, solid ones last a lifetime.

KEN
That's the most hypocritical load of shit you've come up with yet. If Cynthia was built to last why are you the number one renter of X-rated videocassettes in town?

HANK
I'm quite a few notches behind you, chief.

KEN
I'm not spewing bullshit philosophies.

HANK
The point's valid, pinhead. I don't sleep with my lawnmower.

Jake's getting sick to his stomach. He gets out of his chair.

JAKE
Can you excuse me?

Ken toasts him with his beer can.

HANK
For somebody with such a babe for a wife, he's an awfully sour guy.

Ken thinks for a moment.

KEN
Think back, Hank. When Cynthia was a looker did she put out?

Hank thinks. He shakes his head no.

They clink their beers and turn bottoms up.

* 55D EXT. STREET. KRISTY 55D

She's still getting an earful.

LYNN
It was the same goat cheese, Lynn. Balloons do not give dogs the trots. It wasn't the Thackery's dog that swallowed the balloon it was Scooter Alpert, the little crossed-eyed boy with the impatigo that Hank caught piddling in our sandbox.

CYNTHIA
No, I'm sorry. Cynthia, Scooter Alpert was the one who drew the pubic hair on Heather's Cabbage Patch kids.

LYNN
Maybe so but Hank caught him red-handed squirting our sandbox.

Kristy's watching Jake.

* 55E EXT. STREET. KRISTY'S POV 55E

Jake crosses the street and goes into the house.

* 55F EXT. STREET. KRISTY 55F

She's watched Jake go inside. She excuses herself.

KRISTY
Can you excuse me for a second?

CYNTHIA
(yells)
Adam! Get that stick out of your nose!

Kristy slips away.

LYNN
Speaking of sad. I feel very sorry for Kristy.

CYNTHIA
I know.

LYNN
She wants children. You can tell.

55F CONTINUED 55F CONT.

CYNTHIA
It's probably a good thing. Her hips are so narrow, there's no way she could deliver a child naturally.

LYNN
She looks like a C-section to me.

CYNTHIA
Uh, huh. A nice big scar across her tum -tum'll sure knock her down a few notches, I'll tell you.

They clink their glasses.

* 55G INT. KRISTY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 55G

Kristy walks in and calls to Jake.

KRISTY
Jake?

No answer. She exits into the kitchen.

* 56 INT. KRISTY'S KITCHEN. 56

Kristy walks to the sink and looks out the window. She sees Jake sitting on a chaise in the yard.

57 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY 57

Kristy comes out of the house, curious why Jake's sitting alone. She walks over to him.

KRISTY
Are you having a bad time?

JAKE
No. I had a scintillating conversation with Dick and Dork about P valves.

KRISTY
The 2250?

JAKE
You know about it?

KRISTY
Yeah. It's a lousy unit. The 2120 was better. Cynthia was talking about it. If Hank sells enough of them, she's getting a Volvo.

57 CONTINUED

57 CONTD.

JAKE
You're very popular with the men in this neighborhood.

KRISTY
Really? And I don't even use hairspray.

JAKE
They must think we're out of our minds.

KRISTY
Does it matter? I love our house and I love what we're doing with it and I love what it'll be like when we have kids running around in it.

JAKE
What's that?

She looks around the yards.

KRISTY
Say the word.

JAKE
Maybe we should practise a little bit.

Kristy laughs. Jake pulls her down on top of him.

KRISTY
Jake!

JAKE
It's alright. Everybody's out in front.

58 EXT. NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - DAY 58

Ken and Hank are carrying an aluminum picnic table across the backyard, bringing it to the street. Ken spots something. He drops his end and points. Hank looks.

59 THEIR POV - EXT. JAKE'S BACKYARD - DAY 59

Across another yard into Jake's. Kristy leans forward and kisses Jake.

* 60 KEN AND HANK - EXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - DAY 60

They panic at the sight.

60 CONTINUED 60 CONT.

HANK
Get your binoculars!

KEN dashes for the house. HANK drags the table into the garden and positions it behind a hedge.

*60A EXT. JAKE'S YARD - DAY 60A

Jake and Kristy are laying on the chaise. In the background we see two heads rise up above the hedge. KEN's looking through the binoculars.

*60B EXT. KEN'S YARD - DAY 60B

Ken and Hank are standing on either end of the table. A bird feeder blocks the center view. FROM BEHIND, Hank has the binoculars.

KEN
These are the worst goddamn binoculars I've ever looked through. I got a clear shot at her rear end and I can't focus the friggin' things. Where'd you get 'em?

Ken yanks them away from Hank.

HANK
I borrowed 'em from you, asshole.

He peers through the binoculars.

HANK
Jesus! These are for shit. Why don't you run home and get yours? You got time. They're just trading spit.

KEN
I'll be right back.

KEN crouches to jump off the table.

*60C EXT. JAKE'S YARD - DAY 60C

Jake and Kristy are still kissing. In the B.G. Hank hits the deck, lets out of yelp and the aluminum picnic table flies, end over end, across his backyard. Jake and Kristy sit up and look. A beat and Hank walks out from behind the hedge. He waves.

HANK
It slipped.

60C CONTD. 60C CONTD.

KRISTY AND JAKE

they don't understand what Hank's doing.

*61 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD. HIGH AND WIDE. SAME TIME - DAY 61

The full scope of the neighborhood and the block party. Ken and Hank carrying the picnic table out between the houses. Hank's limping. The image SLOWLY DISSOLVES to night and the dead of winter. SAME ANGLE.

62 EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE. NIGHT. WINTER 83/84 62

Cold and dark. Snow drifts. Icicles.

63 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 63

A fire is burning in the fireplace. Jake and Kristy are on the love seat. Davis and his girlfriend, ERIN, are on the couch. Erin's about the same age, maybe a little younger. Dressed expensive, loose and dangerous. Davis is likewise, Junior hipsters. Erin's twirling her radical hair, bored with the homey atmosphere. She's completely out of place with the Queen Anee furnishings and the Royal Copenhagen knickknacks. She has her black leather boots up on the coffee table.

DAVIS
You gotta come to New York sometime. It makes Chicago look like...

ERIN
Chicago.

KRISTY
Do you work, Erin?

DAVIS
She models.

ERIN
I just did a video.

DAVIS
It's quite good. Video's are pretty much dead but Erin's incredible in it.

JAKE
Really? What'd you do?

63 CONTD. 63 CONTD.

Erin leans forward and separates her wet lips, her tongue snakes out of her mouth and licks her upper lip.

JAKE
Nice.

CU. KRISTY

She's not impressed. Her eyes dart from Erin to Jake. Back to Erin.

ERIN

She leans back and lights a cigarette.

ERIN
It's just running in clubs. MTV rejected it because of the nudity.

CU. JAKE

He unconsciously leans forward. He looks at Davis.

CU. DAVIS

He raises an eyebrow.

CU. KRISTY

She looks at Davis.

CU. DAVIS

He looks at her and smiles timidly.

ERIN

She continues.

ERIN
It's not that controversial. It's just flesh. It's not like it means anything.
(to JAKE)
So, you and Roland went to high school together.

Jake looks at Davis. Davis gives him a look to tell him not to-let on. Subtly puts his finger to his lips. Jake looks at Kristy. She's not happy.

JAKE
Yeah. We were pretty tight.

ERIN
(to Kristy)
How long have you been married?
(looks at the furnishing)
You are married, right?

KRISTY
(cold)
Yes. Two years.

ERIN
(with a laugh)
No shit? Is that possible?

KRISTY
(cold)
I guess so.

DAVIS
(changes the subject)
This is too much, sitting here with you guys.

JAKE
Really.

KRISTY
How long are you staying?

DAVIS
A few days. Erin's mother died last night so we're doing the funeral bullshit.

Kristy and Jake are stunned by Davis' casual regard for the death of Erin's mother.

ERIN
Roland made me come. I think he just misses Chicago. If that's possible. I'm a New Yorker. I can't handle anywhere else. Europe. Nowhere in the U.S. does it for me. L.A.'s okay for awhile but ultimately it doesn't mean anything, you know? I'd rather...

Kristy interrupts.

KRISTY
I'm sorry about your mother.

63 CONTD.

63 CONTD.

ERIN
Yeah. You and Neiman Marcus.

Kristy is taken aback by the insensitivity of the remark.

JAKE
You're from Chicago?

ERIN
No. My mother lived her with her boyfriend. Total moron. Living proof that money and brains can be mutually exclusive.

KRISTY
Are you staying with family?

DAVIS
We're gonna book in at the Ritz Carlton.

JAKE'S VOICE
Tragic error coming up. Ready? One-two, three...

JAKE
A hotel? Why don't you stay here?

CU. KRISTY

Eyes of ice.

64 INT. BEDROOM. LATER - NIGHT 64

Jake and Kristy's bedroom. Fluffly and feminine, tasteful and conservative. Kristy's getting undressed. Jake's sitting on the bed.

JAKE
(nervous, knows he's done wrong)
What?

KRISTY
What do you mean, <u>what</u>?

JAKE
Should I let my best friend stay at a hotel?

KRISTY
Best friend, my ass. You haven't seen him in three years and in that time he's turned into a complete jerk.

JAKE
Excuse me?

KRISTY
You heard me. And his girlfriend is nauseating.

JAKE
Nauseating?

KRISTY
Nauseating.

JAKE
Aren't we handy with the insults.

KRISTY
Her mother died last night but she didn't want to come. Models nude in videos. It probably wasn't a video.

JAKE
(meek)
Maybe her mother wasn't a nice person.

KRISTY
I don't care if she was or she wasn't that bitch has no feelings. And it makes me sick that she's sleeping in our house. I'll have to burn the sheets.

JAKE
What if it was your friend? What if the shoe was on the other foot?

KRISTY
I'd go barefoot.

64A INT. HALLWAY 64A

Davis is at the top of the stairs with his luggage. He's listening to the fight.

JAKE (OC)
Do you really need to take this righteous pose?

KRISTY (OC)
Yes. Move!

64A CONTD.

64A CONTD.

Davis takes the luggage into the guest room.

64B INT. BEDROOM

64B

Kristy rips the bed covers back.

KRISTY
Move!

She slips into bed and kicks him under the covers.

JAKE
Should I throw them out in the snow?

Kristy turns off the light and rolls over.

KRISTY
Yes.

Jake turns on the light.

JAKE
You'd like that wouldn't you?

KRISTY
Yes.

She turns off the light. He turns on the overhead light.

JAKE
Well... forget it. I have respect for my friends even if their girlfriends don't meet your standards.

Jake begins to unbutton his shirt.

KRISTY
You're not sleeping in this bed.

JAKE
Oh, really?

KRISTY
Anywhere but in this room or in this bed.

JAKE
Won't it be a little embarrassing to have Davis know we're fighting?

KRISTY
Not to me.

64B CONTD. 64B CONTD

JAKE
Okay, fine. But if he asks, I'm telling him everything.

KRISTY
Don't forget to tell him how I feel about his girlfriend.

Jake exits. Kristy bursts into tears. She slugs her pillow.

KRISTY
Jerk!

65 INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN. LATER - NIGHT 65

It's dark except for two cigarettes burning. The silhouettes of Davis and Jake sitting in the dark. MUSIC'S PLAYING SOFTLY.

DAVIS
You want the painful truth?

Jake looks at him. He's going to get it if he wants it or not.

DAVIS
I never thought this was where you'd end up.

There's a long pause. Jake leans back in his chair and slips his hands in his pockets.

JAKE
Where am I?

DAVIS
Here. This house. The suburbs. I thought you wanted to be a writer?

JAKE
Everybody's gotta be somwhere. What's wrong with here?

DAVIS
Could James Joyce have written Ulysees in Shermer, Illinois?

JAKE
I like it here.

DAVIS
You want to be a writer, you live in New York. You live around here, there's nothing to write about. Nothing happens. I'm just being honest, Jake. I see you dead in the water. You're rotting.

Davis picks up a small mechanical part.

DAVIS
What's this?

JAKE
Where've you been all your life? It's a P-valve.

Davis looks at it and sets it down.

JAKE
You've been here four hours. How do you know what's going on with me?

DAVIS
Look at how you live. It's boring. It's torpid.

Davis picks up an invitation off the table. He reads it.

DAVIS
Ho, ho, ho! Cocktails and mistletoe! You believe in this shit!

JAKE
Should I live like you?

DAVIS
Yes.

JAKE
I can't.

DAVIS
Why not?

JAKE
Because you live for yourself. I don't. I have Kristy.

DAVIS
You want some more truth?

Jake looks at him. Clearly he doesn't but knows he's going to get it anyway.

DAVIS
Here it is. It's rude and raw but right on the money.
(pause)
Dump her. She's holding you down. You're drowning and she's a rock around your neck. She's making the choices in this relationship. She's the sweetest girl in the world. There isn't a bad bone in her body... Jake I love you like a brother. You know that. It hurts like hell to say this and maybe I'm wrong but I miss you. I miss our friendship very much. I miss you.

He leans close to Jake.

DAVIS
Kiss me.

He breaks up. Jake cracks a smile. Davis leans back. He's deflated the emotion.

JAKE
What about Erin? Does she hold you down?

DAVIS
She doesn't even know my real name, for God's sake. It's purely sexual. You could go in my bed right now and she'd do anything you want.

JAKE
And you wouldn't mind?

DAVIS
Why should I?

JAKE
You don't love her?

66 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 66

Erin's in her panties sitting at an old desk, with a leg drawn up to her bare chest, reading Jake's manuscript.

DAVIS (VO)
Come on, Jake. Be serious. You don't have to love somebody to sleep with them. I don't love her and I hope she doesn't love me. Your saying that is just an indication of how parochial your thinking's become.

67 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 67

JAKE
I don't think so. There's nothing parochial about a man loving a woman.

DAVIS
I'm disappointed, Jake. Very disappointed. You could be doing more than this.

JAKE
I'm doing just fine.

DAVIS
You can think that.

JAKE
I do.

He gets up from his chair.

JAKE
There's a lot more to life than getting laid.

DAVIS
(knowing grin)
You think so?

68 INT. BEDROOM. CU. KRISTY - NIGHT 68

She's laying in bed. Awake. Staring into the darkness. She's worried and scared. Not angry. She never was angry. She was frightened of losing her soul connection with Jake.

69 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 69

Jake's at the linen closet in his shirt and undershorts getting a pillow and a blanket. He hears muted laughter from down the hall.

HIS POV

The guest room door is ajar. Erin flashes past wearing nothing. She closes the door. She laughs again. There's the sound of a hard impact and another laugh.

INT. HALLWAY

Jake backs away from the closet with the pillow and blanket in his arms. He goes into a dark, empty bedroom.

70 INT. BABY BEDROOM - NIGHT 70

Jake drops the pillow and blanket and peels off his shirt. He settles down on the floor and pulls the blanket up. A hall light goes on. Jake looks out the door.

HIS POV

Davis comes out of the bedroom and heads down the hall. He's walking with a limp. rubbing his crotch.

DAVIS
Little bitch bit me.

He walks into the john and closes the door.

CU. JAKE

The last thing he needs to hear.

JAKE
There's a lot more to life. God, I hope.

He rolls over.

OMIT: 70A-70E

*70A OMIT, 70 B OMIT, 70C OMIT, 70D OMIT, 70 E OMIT.

71 INT. CLUB - NIGHT - MARCH 84 71

A raucous, trendy dance club. It's loud and jammed with people. A BAND'S PLAYING.

INT. HALL. JAKE AND KRISTY

They're against a side wall. Kristy has her fingers discreetly pressed against her ears. It's painfully loud. Jake is bearing it, forcing himself. Kristy's having a terrible time. Jake looks into the crowd.

HIS POV

WE SCAN the wild, young crowd, past an exotic, young WOMAN, looking directly into CAMERA. We pass her, stop and move back to hold on her. She's in her early twenties, very pretty, dark and dangerous.the physical opposite of Kristy. Probably the mental opposite as well. She gives Jake a good, long, serious look.

CU. JAKE

He's looking at the woman. A beat and he looks away. Kristy leans her head on his shoulder. He glances to look at the girl.

71 CONTD. 71 CONTD.

CU. GIRL

Holding her look on him.

CU. JAKE

He looks away. At the band. Watches. Glances back.

CU. GIRL

Holding the same look.

CU. KRISTY

She's looking at Jake. Watching him watching the crowd. As miserable a time as she's having, she realizes that it means something to him.

INT. CLUB. JAKE AND KRISTY

The woman's point of view. Jake looks across.

CU. GIRL

Same look.

CU. JAKE

Looks away.

INT. CLUB BAND

They play on. The SINGER throws a look in Jake's direction. A sidelong glance with a bit of a smile. It's as if she knows exactly what's going on in Jake's head.

CU. JAKE

One more look at the woman.

CU. GIRL

A hint of a smile.

CU. SINGER

The SONG ENDS. The singer turns his back to CAMERA.

*71A OMIT 71A OMIT

*72 EXT. STREET. NIGHT. LATER 72

Kristy and Jake are walking down a city street. A brownstone neighborhood. They're heading to their car.

72 CONTD.

KRISTY
Did you have a good time?

JAKE
Oh, yeah. Yeah. Why? Didn't you?

KRISTY
I don't know. I can't take that kind of shit anymore.

JAKE
I like it. We used to go see music all the time. Didn't we?

KRISTY
It was different.

JAKE
The music or us?

KRISTY
Both.

JAKE
How are we different?

KRISTY
We're older. We're married, we have a house. We have a life.

Just what Jake doesn't want to hear. Kristy stops. Jake continues a few steps stops and turns back to her.

KRISTY
Aren't I enough anymore?

*A73 INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY A73

Kristy's puttering around the living room, straightening making the place perfect. Jake comes down the stairs. He's holding his manuscript. Jeans and an untucked shirt.

JAKE
What's going on?

KRISTY
Laura Gibbons is coming over. Try not to mess up the place, okay?

JAKE
Laura from high school?

A73 CONTD. A73 CONTD.

KRISTY
She called this morning. She's in visiting her parents.

Kristy exits into the kitchen. Jake thinks.

JAKE'S VOICE
Laura Gibbons. One of the driving forces of my sexual youth. A serious beauty. A master tease. Always dated college guys. Treated me like shit. She was a regular in the dreams of my youth.

*B73 INT. BOY'S BEDROOM. FANTASY B73

Jake's laying in bed. Laura's standing before him in a bra and panties, thin and sexy, a seductive look on her face. Arms at her sides.

CU. JAKE

Young Jake opens his arms and reaches for Laura.

CU. LAURA

Her smiles turns to an angry scowl.

LAURA
You're not good enough for me, you crippled worm.

She raises a gun and fires. AN EXPLOSION!

*C73 INT. HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - DAY C73

The front door. It opens slowly with a pronounced horror SQUEAK. The door opens to reveal the present day LAURA GIBBONS. About forty pounds heavier in the thighs and rump, with a three year old boy on a leash, in a harness, a two year old clinging to her leg, an infant strapped to her front, a bulging pregnant tummy, the assorted supplies of a travelling mother and a big smile.

LAURA
Oh, my God! Look at you!

CU. KRISTY AND JAKE

Kristy's thrilled to see her old friend. Jake can't contain his shock.

*73 INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER - DAY 73

Kristy and Laura are catching up on four years of news. Laura's nursing, toys are scattered all around. The two year old is crawling about on the floor.

LAURA
Well, you know Mindy Cramer had twins.

KRISTY
Little Mindy? God, how could she carry two?

LAURA
It's a mystery but she had a terrible time. Toxemia, a horrible skin rash of some type.
(pause, and abrupt change of subject)
How do you stay so thin?

*73A INT. KITCHEN - DAY *73A

Jake's at the kitchen table. The three year old is sitting on the floor, pounding wooden pegs through a wooden toy workbench with a wooden hammer. Terribly noisy and annoying. Jake takes a peek out the kitchen to the living room.

HIS POV

Laura's back is to him. She's leaning forward to put the infant in his walker ring. Jake's view is of a massive ass in a khaki skirt. Laura sits down with a heavy THUMP!

CU. JAKE

Horrified. He leans back into the kitchen. A look of shock.

INT. KITCHEN. JAKE'S POV

The three year old is pounding with his hammer on Jake's sunglasses.

JAKE
Hey!

He tries to grab the hammer from the kid. He screams and grabs Jake's manuscript.

JAKE
Give that to me!

He frees the hammer Pages go flying. The kid screams. Jake gives him back his hammer. The two year old waddles in covered with cookie slime.she makes a beeline for Jake and hugs him, leaving a nasty mess on his leg.

JAKE
Thank you, so very much.

The infant comes in from the dining room in his ring. He is shaking a particularly noisy rattle. And singing to himself. He plows into the kitchen gathering manuscript pages in the plastic wheels on his little vehicle.

*73B INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 73B

Kristy and Laura continue talking, unaware of the agony Jake's suffering in the kitchen.

LAURA
Jake is so cute!

KRISTY
I think he's getting better looking every year.

LAURA
Steve's losing his hair but I love him.

She reaches for her purse and a snapshot.

LAURA
You probably won't recognize him.

She hands the photo to Kristy.

A forty year old man with thinning hair.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kristy smiles politely.

KRISTY
He looks great. Was he a year behind Jake in school?

LAURA
Two years.

Kristy looks back at the photo.

*73C INT. KITCHEN - DAY 73C

Jake is removing the infant from the cupboard he's gotten into. He pulls the ring back, the child is holding a pan handle, it clangs to the floor. The two year old is slobbering all over his manuscript. The three year old is banging the hammer.

JAKE
Goddamnit! Why don't you guys go in the living room? Where's Mommy? Huh? Where's Mommy? Go find Mommy.

He takes the kids' rattle and tosses it into the living room

JAKE
Go fetch! Go fetch the rattle!

He notices the two year old messing up his papers. He turns suddenly and grabs her. He stops, looks at his hand and the moisture on it.

JAKE
Oh, my God! Kristy! The little girl's wet!

*73D INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 73D

Kristy turns to the kitchen.

KRISTY
Do you want to change her?

Jake pokes his head out of the kitchen. He firmly shakes his head, NO. He scoots the child into the living room. She waddles across to Kristy's open arms.

*74 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 74

Jake sits down on the chair, exhausted. He looks at his papers and the slime and goo on them. He sighs with defeat.

THREE YEAR OLD

He stops hammering. He looks at his hammer. Looks at Jake.

HIS POV

Jake's crotch, legs open, vulnerable.

THREE YEAR OLD

He stalks Jake with the hammer held high

*75 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 75

Kristy's changing the baby on the couch. O.C. we hear a loud SMACK! and a painful BELLOW from Jake. A beat and he limps out of the kitchen, crosses the living room. And heads up the stairs. The three year old comes out with the hammer.

KRISTY
Jake?

LAURA
Jason? Did you show Mr. Briggs your new hammer? Go show him?

The three year old takes off across the living room to the stairs.

LAURA
She leans forward.

LAURA
I don't know what you're waiting for. You'd make the best mother in the world.

KRISTY

She's finished the diaper change. She smiles at Laura. O.C. we hear another SMACK! and a YELP from upstairs.

*76 EXT. FRONT PORCH. LATER - DAY 76

Jake's sitting on the porch. He's staring into the street.

JAKE'S VOICE
Another dream takes gas. What was once the girl of my dreams -- until she was supplanted by Kristy, of course -- had turned into a woman. A lady. A gal. So fast, so goddamn fast. Why? How? It had to be intentional. Does it creep up on you? Was it happening to Kristy? Was I just too close to her to see it?

*77 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT 77

Kristy's at the bathroom sink, she's just bathed. She has a towel wrapped around her.

*78 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - NIGHT 78

Jake's spying on Kristy

78 CONTD. 78 CONTD.

JAKE'S VOICE
She was still the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. I still loved her. She still smoked my glands. I still acted like a coyote on a hormone jag every night in bed. But something was different. It bothered me enough to peek on her while she took a bath.

*79 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 79

Kristy rinses her mouth after brushing her teeth.

JAKE'S VOICE
Rock 'n roll didn't move her the way it used to. She was going to bed earlier than in the old days. She got along with her parents.

Kristy checks her teeth in the mirror.

JAKE'S VOICE
She actually enjoyed the company of the older woman she worked with and on more than one occasion she...

Kristy flips off the light and opens the door in Jake's face. She screams.

*80 INT. KITCHEN. LATER - NIGHT 80

Jake's sitting at the kitchen table holding an ice cube wrapped in paper towel to his brow.

JAKE'S VOICE
...told me to watch my language. I think the thing that scared me most was that she wasn't as upset as I was. In fact, she wasn't upset at all.

Jake unwraps the ice cube and drops it in a tumbler of scotch. He swirls it and sips.

81 EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT. DAWN - APRIL 84 81

The world's busiest...

82 INT. FLIGHT LOUNGE - DAY 82

Jake and his boss, Bill and HOWARD WYATT, a rotund, jolly, semi-alcoholic account executive in his late thirties, are sitting in the flight lounge waiting for the early bird to NYC. They're sipping complimentary coffee and smoking cigarettes.

HOWARD
Briggsie? Are you married?

JAKE
Yeah.

HOWARD
Do you hate her yet?

BILL
Howard, you hate your wife because you hate yourself and you figure she can't be any good if she married a swine like yourself.

HOWARD
There's a grain of truth to that.

Jake abruptly changes the subject.

JAKE
What am I supposed to say to these guys today?

BILL
Present the ads and tell them the agency recommends them. But don't let on that their tape tabs don't work.

JAKE
And then?

HOWARD
Then they'll cut you to pieces and make you feel like shit.

Jake stares at them with a slack jaw.

BILL
He's one tough old bird.

HOWARD
Brass balls.

BILL
Cast iron dick.

HOWARD
Stainless steel asshole.

BILL
But he's fair.

82 CONTD.

82 CONTD.

HOWARD
You'll like him.

*83 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 83

A large, narrow room with a long, imposing marble table, cold, harsh, cove lighting, high-backed chairs and two camps of MEN. Bill and Howard at one end of the table, facing each other. At the other end the client, DON WERNER, He's stout and solid with the flushed face of a serious drinker, a cigarette clenched in his thick fingers. Two blonde, blue-blooded former Ivy League squash champion BRAND MANAGERS are on either side of him. Jake is at the far end of the room standing before an easel upon which is a storyboard.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. JAKE.

He's completing his presentation.

JAKE
We close with a beauty shot of the product and we super, "NEW CUDDLES" and the announcer says, "New Cuddles with Super-Stik Tape Tabs that stay stuck." It's the old woman in the shoe-I didn't know what to do-as per the nursery rhyme.

He turns from the storyboard to the table.

JAKE
The agency feels that we're positioning the product away from all other disposable diapers by offering a solution to the problem of ineffective tape tabs in that Cuddles' tabs are easier to apply and have greater adhesive power than the leading brand. This is the agency recommendation.

CU. WERNER

Tough and stern.

CU. BILL

Looks from Werner to Jake to Howard. He's worried.

CU. HOWARD

Looks at Bill. Worried. The stomach's churning.

CU. WERNER

Stares at Jake.

CU. JAKE

Perspiration beading on his upper lip. Stomach churning. Bowels in an uproar.

JAKE'S VOICE
I wanted to be home. In bed. With the blankets pulled up over my head. If I'd had a gun. I would have shot myself.

CU. WERNER

Still staring.

JAKE'S VOICE
This was an adult. Big-time, grown-up playing-for-keeps adult. Tough and hard and cold as a car seat in Minneapolis in January. In his world, on his terms, what was I? God only knows what he saw when he looked at me.

84 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. JAKE - DAY 84

He's dressed in ballet tights. He strikes the pose of a dancer and bows. Very mannered and fey.

85 INT. AIRPORT FLIGHT LOUNGE - DAY 85

Jake's sitting on the window ledge in a flight lounge at LaGuardia. Bob and Howard are at the bar throwing down their pre-flight drinks. Jake's lost and lonely and overwhelmed by defeat. There's a strange sort of calm about him. A calm that comes from failure so broad and sweeping and complete that there is no hope of retribution or repair and thus no reason to worry. Cigarette smoke curls about his head as he looks out on the arriving and departing airplanes.

JAKE'S VOICE
It was a day to forget but one I would always remember. It was the day I took the first step of thelast mile of my youth.
(pause)
It was the day I was promoted.

A HUGE ORCHESTRAL CRASH! It RINGS OUT over the cut.

86 INT. OFFICE - DAY 86

A large office on the corner. Beautifully furnished. Wonderful view across the city and sky. Success. Jake's sitting motionless behind a massive desk. He's a little older, dressed in a suit and tie. More mature. His intercom BUZZES. Without breaking his stare, Jake reaches for the phone and hits the intercom.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Mr. Briggs? Your future's on line two. Do you want to pick-up or should I take a message?

He looks at the phone. Calm, ambivalent. He reaches out and presses the intercom button.

JAKE
Take a message.

87 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 87

BIG MUSIC STING. HORROR MUSIC. THE FRAME BEGIS TO SPIN, FASTER AND FASTER UNTIL IT'S BUT A BLUR... IT SLOWS TO A STOP AND WE SEE THAT THE FORMER IMAGE HAS BECOME AN ORTHO BIRTH CONTROL DISPENSER. A WOMAN'S HAND REMOVES A PILL. WE FOLLOW THE PILL TO HER MOUTH. THE MOUTH OPENS BUT THE HAND HESITATES.

CU. WOMAN'S HAND

Holding a birth control pill. Toying with it.

CU. BATHROOM SINK

The pill hits the sink and rolls down the porcelain, past the drain, up the other side, down again and stops on the lip of the drain.

ECU. BIRTH CONTROL PILL

Huge. Balanced on the lip of the drain.

CU. HAND. FAUCET

The WOMAN'S hand is holding the cold water handle.

88 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 88

Jake is in his underwear, checking himself out in the mirror. Flexes his muscles, strikes a pose, holds it a beat and struts across to the bed and slips under the covers. He turns out the light.

88 CONTD. JAKE 88 CONTD.

Kristy? I'm going to bed now. If I'm asleep when you come in try not to wake me. I have a big day tomorrow.

He fluffs the pillows, turns the TV on. Turns it off. Trying to set the right mood. Adjusts the blinds to throw just the right amount of moonlight on the bed. Lays still for a moment. Remembers something and quickly removes his socks.

JAKE'S VOICE

One of the stupidest and least effective methods of seducing a woman. The logic is that by making myself seem disinterested in sex, she'll be challenged. It never worked. But that was no reason to stop trying.

89 CU. KRISTY INT.- BATHROOM - NIGHT 89

She's looking down at the sink. She looks and feels as if she's about to commit a crime.

CU. KRISTY

She's in the bathroom, looking down at the sink.

CU. HAND ON THE FAUCET

It's Kristy's hand. Still hesitating.

CU. KRISTY

She closes her eyes and turns on the water.

ECU. SINK DRAIN

The water washes the pill away. The water and the drain hole DISSOLVES TO...

90 ECU. JAKE'S EYE INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT 90

Open wide. Shifts as we HEAR KRISTY GET IN BED.

INT. BEDROOM. BED

Kristy comes up over him and kisses his cheek. She turns his face to hers and kisses him. She rolls him over and engulfs him in the blankets.

90A INT. BOILER ROOM 90A

Half a dozen muscular, oiled woman clad in overalls tend a roaring boiler. Shovelling coal, opening steam valves, operating levers and hauling ashes.

90B INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM. LATER 90B

He's sitting on he end of the bed. Kristy's sleeping.

JAKE'S VOICE
For the first time in our relationship, she took the initiative. Suddenly and without warning the game had turned on the hunter. My first thought was that she was mistaking me for someone else. Second thought, she had started drinking in the afternoons. Third and final thought, she loved me. I missed the target but hit the tree.

91 EXT. FRONT YARD. DAY - MAY 84 91

Saturday and time to cut the grass. The cement sidewalk has been replaced by a brick wall. Jake's fiddling with his lawnmower that won't start. He glances up.

HIS POV

Milt, the philandering hunk, is in his drive-way putting on cycling gloves. He's geared-out for road racing.

MILT
How's it goir ' noodle dick?

JAKE

He smiles

JAKE
Not bad.

MILT

He rolls up his shirt to reveal his rippled belly.

MILT
Check it out.

He slugs himself in the gut.

MILT
Hard as a convict's peter on parole day. Come on over and sock me.

JAKE

Politely declines, thinking all the while that Milt's at least the third biggest jerk he's met in his life.

91 CONTD.

91 CONTD.

JAKE
Not today. But thanks for asking.

MILT

He takes a big hit of Gatorade from the bottle and runs the glass over his face. The guy is a living, breathing Nike commercial.

MILT
You should work out a little bit. You look like a snail without a shell.

MILT

Adjusts his testicles and puts on a helmet.

MILT
It's not just about looking good. It's about feeling good. The body is the temple of the mind.

He adjusts the little mirrors n the helmet.

MILT
Strong heart, long life.

He walks into his garage. He pulls his racing bike out.

MILT
Also, keep in mind that the bigger your belly gets, the smaller your dick looks.

He mounts the bike and shoves off down the driveway.

JAKE

He watches Milt ride down the drive and into the street.

JAKE'S VOICE
Milt, one of the most disgusting human beings ever to hit the planet, was having another affair. He was stupid but so happy. Not guilt, no remorse, no discomfort. The man just plowed along. Maybe he wasn't so stupid.

92 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY 92

JAKE'S POV

Down the street. Every man in the neighborhood is mowing his lawn. Up and down and up and down. The men slowly work into unison.

JAKE'S VOICE
Maybe I was the one who was stupid. Something was happening and I didn't know what it was, did I, Mr. Jones?

The lawn moving suddenly becomes a dance number. A suburban, middle-age video Dancing mowers.

CU. JAKE

Lost and confused. Appalled and startled. This is his life.

EXT. STREET

A full-blown neighborhood musical number.

*93 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 93

Jake's having lunch with Howard and Bill. The restaurant is loud and crowded.

HOWARD
(to Jake)
How upset can you be at your salary level?

JAKE
It's not the money. How many times do I have to tell you? I'm lost. Haven't you ever been lost? Haven't you ever wondered if you're doing the right thing with your life?

Howard and Bill stare at him, convinced he's out of his mind.

HOWARD
Would you feel better if I fired you?

Jake ducks his head in frustration.

BILL
You wouldn't have to worry about where your life would be going. It wouldn't be going anywhere.

JAKE
I can't talk to you guys. You're ossified.

HOWARD
Look, Briggsie, you're making a lot of money, you have a decent-looking wife, I presume. You're healthy. You're good-looking. You've got a nice wardrobe. A house. A couple cars. You know what the problem is, Billy?
(to Bill)
He didn't grow up with Howdy Doody. We did, right? We got some values. He grew up with Sesame Street. Howdy Doody was a puppet with soul. Sesame Street's not even a real puppet. They're not puppets. They're socks. You can't get values from a sock.

Jake stares incredulously at Howard. Bill thinks about it and nods in double martini agreement.

JAKE
Well, thanks Howard. I feel better.

HOWARD
Glad I could help.

BILL
(to Jake)
Maybe you need to get laid. Your balls are young. Maybe they think you're still in high school.

JAKE
Hey, they know where I am.
(to Howard)
Howard, can you look me in the eye and tell me you're happy?

HOWARD
I could never make enough money to be happy. It's not happiness that's important. It's the lack of despair. It isn't necessary to have positives so long as you don't have negatives.

BILL
(remorseful)
I have a fifteen year old who looks at me with the most vacant, ugly eyes you could ever imagine. He hasn't heard a word I've said in three years.

HOWARD
(sympathetic)

Steve?

BILL
Peter.
(continues to Jake)
Now, that's the trouble. You don't know how good you got it. You can't get more lost in life than having your offspring, your own flesh and blood look at you like you're a dirty dinner plate.

JAKE
I'm just saying, and I'm sorry about your kid, I really am, and I realize how trivial my shit must be to you, I'm just saying, I haven't found what I'm looking for because I don't know what I'm looking for.

HOWARD
Maybe you're looking for lunch?

He raises his hand to flag down a waiter.

HOWARD
You know, if you spent as much time on your work as you spend whining about your distressed life, you'd own the company.

A WAITER floats over to the table.

WAITER
Hello, gentlemen. My name's Kyle, I'll be serving you today.

HOWARD
My name's Howard and if you don't bring us three menus I'll be kicking your butt down Michigan Avenue today.

The waiter is taken aback by the threat. He backs away.

HOWARD
(to Jake)
You could be him. Thnik about that. You could be his wife.

BILL
I saw a girl on my way in today. Beautiful face. Bald head. A pink bowling ball with blue eyes.
(to Jake)
Why is that? Why would she do that?

JAKE
How would I know?

BILL
She was about your age. Beautiful body. Bald head.

HOWARD
Seriously, Briggsie...

JAKE
Don't call me Briggsie anymore, okay?

HOWARD
I'll never stop calling you Briggsie so don't even ask me to stop. Seriously Briggsie, I like you. Bill likes you.

BILL
I'll bet she doesn't shave her legs. Shaves her head, doesn't shave the legs. Sometime in the not too distant future, the planet is going to run out of normal women.

HOWARD
Billy, zip it. Briggsie, you're fine. Everything's totally cool. If you feel meaningless, write a nove.

JAKE
I've been working on one for two years.

HOWARD
Finish it and start another, Briggsie.

BILL
From the back, her head looked like a giant breast.

HOWARD
We're all writing novels. We all feel meaningless. It's the human condition. The only ones that feel like they're worth something are pregnant women.

Howard holds up his beer.

HOWARD
Here's to the good times.

Bill lifts his stein and clinks it against Howard's. They both wait for Jake to participate.

HOWARD
Here's to friends, here's to bald-headed women, here's to a lost traveler on the

road to modern living, here's to beer commercials...what else?

BILL
How about a toast to three assholes who set out to rewrite history and ended up selling disposable diapers?

Howard laughs. He bangs his stein against Bill's stein.

HOWARD
It's your turn, Briggsie.

Something has caught his eye. He's frozen.

CU. JAKE

Mesmerized.

CU. GIRL

She's looking at Jake. Her lunch DATE, an urbane gentlemen in his mid-forties, takes her arm and leads her out. She throws a look back at Jake before she disappears.

INT. RESTAURANT. JAKE'S TABLE

Jake bolts from the table and scrambles across the restaurant, creating a terrible stir.

94 INT. BUILDING. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT DOOR - DAY 94

The restaurant is in an office building. The Girl comes out of the restaurant and clears FRAME. Jake appears, looks and dashes after her.

95 INT. BUILDING. ESCALATOR - DAY 95

The Girl and her lunch date board the down escalator. The two story escalator is crowded with people going down and coming up.

96 INT. BUILDING. CORRIDOR - DAY 96

Jake charges through the crowd. He cranes his neck above the crowd.

97 HIS POV - DAY 97

The Girl and her date disappear down the escalator.

98 JAKE - DAY 98

He pushes through the people.

99 INT. BUILDING. ESCALATOR - DAY 99

Jake reaches the escalator.

HIS POV

The Girl and her date are at the bottom. They step off and cross the lobby to the revolving doors to the street.

JAKE

He's in a panic. He's going to lose her.

HIS POV

Both the up and down side of the escalator are jammed. The only fast way down is the space between the up and down escalators.

INT. BUILDING. ESCALATOR

Jake jumps between the up and the down escalators and shoots down the smooth metal surface of the in-between space. It's like a ski jump. Heads turn as Jake rockets down two stories.

INT. LOBBY

Jake hits ground floor. His momentum takes him to the revolving doors and out.

100 EXT. BUILDING. CORNER - DAY 100

The girl and her lunch date get into a cab. The cab pulls away. Jake bursts out of the building to see the cab pull away. He runs into the street, looking for a cab.

JAKE'S VOICE
There went the brain. It was bound to happen. Twenty five years of continuous use and I let it get away.

There's no cabs in sight. Jakes takes off down the street.

JAKE'S VOICE
In my desperation I tried to outperform the internal combustion engine. Not since Hitler told Eva Braun where they were going for their honeymoon has there been anyone in a greater state of alarm than me that moment.

101 EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY 101

The cab pulls up to an intersection and stops at the light. In the BG we see Jake charging down the pavement. The light changes and the cab makes the turn. Another second on the light and Jake would have caught the cab. He whips around the corner.

JAKE'S VOICE
All because for the first time since my sophomore homecoming dance, a girl gave me a come-on look. The depth of my was staggering.

The cab is putting an impossible distance between itself and Jake. He whips a look over his shoulder and spots a cab. In the instant he turns around, he steps in a famed Chicago pothole and the chase is history.

EXT. STREET. OVERHEAD SHOT

Jake's laying face down on the pavement. Traffic is stopped all around him. He rolls over on his back and looks up at the sky.

102 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. EVENING - DAY 102

Jake is sitting on the train, next to the Mole he so despises. The knees on his suit pants are ripped out. His elbows are torn. Thick streaks of oil and street grime run from chin to groin. He's missing a shoe. The tip of his nose is bandaged. He looks at the Mole. The Mole looks at him.

JAKE
What's the problem?

MOLE
Nothing.

JAKE
Then why are you looking at me?

MOLE
No reason.

Jake turns his eyes forward. A beat and he looks back.

JAKE
I had an extremely important meeting this afternoon.

MOLE
Didn't go too well, huh?

Jake stares blankly at the Mole.

JAKE
This happened at lunch.

MOLE
(mildly alarmed)
Where'd you go for lunch?

JAKE
I broke up a domestic brawl on the bus. 'Irate husband pulled a gun on me. Shot me in the leg. I'd show you the wound but I don't want to spoil your dinner.

MOLE
You're not serious!

JAKE
No, I'm not. I was chasing after a girl I saw once in a club.

MOLE
She beat you up?

JAKE
I stepped in a pothole at full speed. Fell on my face in the middle of Michigan Avenue. I'm an executive at a large and important company. I probably make more money than you and every one of your living relatives.

MOLE
I doubt it. We own sixteen television stations.

JAKE
Okay. But I'm taller than you.

MOLE
Did you suffer a head injury?

JAKE
No. I'm talking to you like this because I'm incredibly embarrassed and I'm incredibly upset with myself. I have been since high school and I see you every working day and you seem very happy and content. You wear that stupid hat, I'm just being honest, and
(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
you still look content. I very seldom talk to strangers but this is an exception. I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll tell me if you are actually content and if so, why?

MOLE
Let me see the color of your money.

Jake reaches into his coat and takes out his wallet. He removes all of his cash.

JAKE
What's not there, I'll give to you tomorrow.

The mole takes the dough, checks it out, slips it in his pocket.

MOLE
Fair enough. Yes, I'm content.

JAKE
You're how old?

MOLE
Twenty three.

JAKE
(shakes his head)
Unbelievable. How come you're content?

MOLE
I've always been content. I don't know why.

JAKE
When did you start wearing a hat?

MOLE
High school.

JAKE
The pipe?

MOLE
College.

JAKE
Thanks.

MOLE
Thank you.

A friendly smile and he goes back to his newspaper. Jake turns his eyes forward, a dead lost stare.

JAKE'S VOICE
There are no answers. Just bigger and tougher questions.

103 CU. TV SCREEN 103

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Rob and Laura quibbling.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Kristy and Jake are sleeping. The TV's on. There's a NOISE OC. Downstairs. Jake sits up with a start. He remote controls the TV off and listens. Another NOISE.

JAKE
Kristy? Did you hear that? Kris?

She's sound asleep. There's no waking her. Jake slips out of the bed. AnotherNOISE downstairs. Jake's frightened. He looks around for a weapon. He picks up a shoes and quickly realizes its limited value. He sets it down. Another NOISE. He reaches under the bed and comes up with a golf club. He slips out of the room.

103A INT. HALLWAY 103A

Jake comes out of the bedroom and tiptoes down the hall. It's dark and ominous. He's nervous and worried. There's no question that someone's in his house. He makes the turn and heads down the stairs.

104 INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 104

Jake tiptoes down the stairs with the golf club at the ready. He steps at the bottom.

HIS POV

The dark living room. Light from a street lamp streams in through the open french doors. A breeze blows the curtains.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake comes in and slips across the living room. Beyond him, in the kitchen door, we see a shadow pass. There is someone in the house. Jake looks into the dining room.

104 CONTD. 104 CONTD.

HIS POV

A beat and the Girl Jake chased down Michigan Avenue steps out of the darkness of the dining room into a pool of light in the arch between the living room and dining room. She's wearing a long, flowing white silk shirt, open down the front, bare beneath.

GIRL
Hello, Jake.

CU. JAKE

He's stunned.

CU. GIRL

Sultry smile.

GIRL
You didn't lock the door. Is it alright that I came in?

CU. JAKE

What can he say? He nods. He looks up toward the second floor. A fleeting thought of Kristy.

JAKE
How did you find me?

CU. GIRL

A whisper of a laugh.

GIRL
I saw you at the club a year ago and I followed you home. I haven't been able to get you out of my mind. I've been watching you. I'm sorry, I'm very embarrassed. You must think I'm completely insane.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake looks back up at the stairs again.

JAKE
No, not at all. I probably would have done the same....thing...myself...

GIRL
After I saw you today, I found the courage to approach you. You must know that I don't make a habit of walking into people's houses.

JAKE
Did you know that I was trying to catch up to your cab?

She nods. She takes a step toward Jake.

GIRL
Did you get hurt?

JAKE
Fractured my pride. Ruptured my dignity.
(points to his nose)
Scraped my nose.

GIRL
I feel very strange about this.

JAKE
That makes two of us.
(looks up)
Possibly three.

GIRL
Are you frightened?

JAKE
I'm not sure. I think I'm experiencing an emotion that hasn't been defined yet.

CU. JAKE'S WAIST

Her delicate, white hand moves slowly toward his abdomen and lightly touches the skin.

CU. JAKE

A massive, involuntary shiver and a recovery smile.

CU. ABDOMEN

She pinches an inch of surplus around Jake's waist.

JAKE AND THE GIRL

She looks at him and smiles.

GIRL
We're starting a rigorous exercise plan tomorrow. That'll be gone in a week.

CU. JAKE AND THE GIRL

She plants her hands on the bare flesh of his shoulders.

GIRL
The more I would try to explain why and how I came to be here, the less we'd both understand it.

JAKE
Probably.

GIRL
I'll just say that I have a very deep and certain feeling about you. Do you believe in destiny?

JAKE
From now on I will.

GIRL
I think were meant to be. For several years now, you've felt like something was missing. You were carrying with you, a void. You didn't know where it was and you didn't know what was supposed to fill it.

JAKE
(totally enamored)
Bingo.

GIRL
The void is in your heart and I was born to fill it. Please don't think I'm crazy.

JAKE
I don't think you're crazy. I think I'm crazy.

GIRL
(shakes her head, no)
This was destined to happen. We can't help it. Our lives up to this point have been a prelude to this moment. Now it's happened and all that emptiness you felt is gone. It's not wrong. No guilt. It's destiny. You couldn't prevent it. No guilt. Only pleasure.

She presses her bare chest against his.

GIRL
You don't need anything else for the rest of your life.

JAKE
I thought my discontent was internal. I thought it was me.

104 CONTD. 104 CONTD.

GIRL
No...no.

He puts her hand to her neck and moves to her cheeks and into her hair. She closes her eyes, overcome by his touch.

JAKE
I knew when I saw you...

GIRL
There's only one obstacle we have to overcome.

Jake moves to kiss her. She stops him.

GIRL
We have to deal with it.

JAKE
We'll deal with it. We can do anything. It's okay. We're destiny.

GIRL
It won't be easy.

His lips are a breath away from hers. His eyes are closed.

JAKE
Tell me...

GIRL
This is all a dream.

Jake stops. Frozen. His eyes open.

GIRL
And you're about to fall out of bed.

105 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 105

Jake rolls out of bed and crashes to the floor. Kristy sits up, crawls to the side of the bed and looks over.

HER POV

Jake's laying on his back, on the floor. His eyes are open in shock.

106 OMIT 106 OMIT

106A EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - DAY - SEPT. '84 106A

A thick column of smoke rises from behind the house.

*107 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY (NOTE: NEW BMW 328) 107

Jake's parents and Kristy's parents, Jake and Kristy are eating dinner. The dress is casual. The den has been framed in plastic over window.

RUSS
(to Jake)
This is very good, Jake. You're quite a barbaque chef.

JAKE
Thank you...Russ.

RUSS
It's fascinating how you managed to get the steaks raw on one side and burned to a crisp on the other.

JIM
My steak's fine, Russ.

RUSS
(looking at the steak)
Is this dirt on here?

The others discreetly check their steaks for dirt. Jake smiles.

JAKE'S VOICE
I dropped Russ's steak on the patio on the way in from the barbeque.

RUSS
You say something, Jake?

JAKE
Me? I don't believe so.

GAYLE
(to Russ)
Why do you have to compain about everything.

RUSS
I'm not complaining.

GAYLE
You certainly are.

107 CONTD. 107 CONTD.

RUSS
That's not complaining. This is complaining.
(to Kristy)
When are you gonna get your butt in gear and get me a grandchild?

Jake throws a look to Russ. Kristy looks at Jake. He looks at her.

SARAH
I think it's about time, too, Russ.

RUSS
Finally we agree on something.

JIM
Everything in due time. For cripes' sake, they just moved into a home. Why put pressure on top of pressure? What's the rush?

GAYLE
I'm with you, Jim. She has such a lovely body, why destroy it at such a young age?
(to Sarah)
I had a terrible time with Kristy's birth. I almost lost her in delivery. If she wants to wait, it's fine with me.

Kristy keeps her look on Jake. He looks down at his dinner plate and continues eating.

RUSS
I think it's pretty odd that they've been married four years and they never even talk about kids. We had kids right away.

GAYLE
It was a breech birth, the women in my family all have narrow hips. It was painful and it was terrifying...

Russ has heard the story a thousand times. It obviously had a deep affect on Gayle. Less so on Russ.

RUSS
And you're both fine so why dwell on it, for Christ's sake?

GAYLE
(angry)
You didn't know about it until it was all over.

107 CONTD.

107 CONTD.

SARAH
(to Jake)
You'd have such scumptious little babies. Are you thinking about it?

JAKE
Isn't that a personal issue?

SARAH
It's a family issue. I'm just curious.

RUSS
So? What's the deal?

GAYLE
They'll have kids when they want kids. Maybe they're not ready. It's a big change.

RUSS
Are they going to be swingers all their lives?

JIM
Did you have your parents goading you into having kids?

RUSS
We had kids right away. There wasn't anytime to goad me. Everybody at my company that's my age or near it has a picture of a grandchild on their desk. I have Gayle's picture on mine. I'd like a picture of a grandchild on my desk.

JIM
Well, who wouldn't? But that's something we'll just have to be patient about.

RUSS
At the rate these two are going, I'll be retired before they get around to it and and I won't have my desk anymore.
(pokes his steak with his fork)
I don't know if I should eat my steak or half-sole my shoes with it.

He breaks himself up.

108 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT 108

Kristy and Jake are in bed. It's dark and quiet.

KRISTY
Are you sleeping?

JAKE
No.

KRISTY
Why not?

JAKE
I don't know. Why aren't you asleep?

KRISTY
I'm thinking.

JAKE
About what?

KRISTY
Are you thinking?

JAKE
I'm awake, I must be thinking.

KRISTY
Are you mad?

JAKE
At what?

KRISTY
Would you rather not talk?

There's a long pause. Jake realizes he's being to evasive and cold.

JAKE
I'm fine. What do you want to talk about?

KRISTY
You know.

JAKE
Kids?

Jake knows that's what's on her mind.

JAKE
You want kids?

KRISTY
Don't you?

JAKE
(after a pause)
I don't know.
(another pause)
I'm not sure I'm ready.

KRISTY
Why do you have to ready? What's there to be ready for? It happens and you adapt. Right?

JAKE
It's irreversable.

KRISTY
So?

JAKE
I'm not in a mood for irreversable action right now.

Another pause.

KRISTY
Is it because you don't love me like you used to?

JAKE'S VOICE
I'd have better luck hiding elephants in my undershorts than hiding my feelings for Kristy. I loved her. Truthfully, I didn't think about it much. Not for a couple of years. When she said she loved me, I was like a parrot. I just said back to her what she said to me. I thought that I had to love her because I couldn't imagine leaving her. I couldn't imagine being apart from her. But then, I couldn't imagine being apart from coffee either.

KRISTY
I love you, Jake. As much as I ever did. More and in so many different ways. It just keeps growing. I can't stop it.

JAKE
I love you too. I'm just a little confused right now.

KRISTY
About what? Me?

JAKE
Of course not. I'm just not sure of what I'm doing.

KRISTY
Are you okay at work?

JAKE
Yeah. I'm okay at work. It's nothing. I'm just tired.

Kristy moves next to him and puts his arm around her shoulder.

KRISTY
I really want a baby but if you don't, it's okay.

JAKE
I didn't say I don't.

KRISTY
You didn't say you did. I'd do everything. It wouldn't have to change everything. Some things would change but I'd do my best...

JAKE
Don't talk like that. If we have a kid, it's mine too. Am I such a bastard that you have to pussyfoot around me?

KRISTY
No.

JAKE
Then don't beg. Don't make promises. I don't deserve promises and you don't deserve having to give them. If we do it, we do it together.

KRISTY
Okay.

JAKE
I want kids. But not right away.

KRISTY
Are you worried about my body?

JAKE
Kristy, forget it, okay? No. I'm not worried.

KRISTY
My mother's always been jealous of me. She throws in those little digs all the time. She didn't ruin her body having kids, she ruined it eating.

JAKE
Let's not talk about your mother's body. Let's go to sleep. Having our parents here distorted everything. It's not a good time to talk serious.

KRISTY
Did we get married too young?

JAKE
(weary)
No.

KRISTY
Sometimes I think we did. You never got a chance to be wild. I think alot of times that you wish you could be free, that there's still alot of wild boy in you.

JAKE
I'm fully broken-in.

KRISTY
I worry that if you have it in you, it's going to come bursting out sometime. That's why I said that if you didn't love me to tell me. If you don't, it's okay. We shouldn't have kids.

JAKE
You're analyzing this too much. It's going to get twisted into something that's not real. I want kids, I love you, we didn't get married too early. Everything's totally cool. It's fine.

A long pause and he kisses her forehead.

KRISTY
You do want kids?

JAKE
Yes.

KRISTY
But not now?

JAKE
Not now. Later.

KRISTY
If I tell you something, will you promise not to get mad?

JAKE
What?

KRISTY
Will you promise not to get mad?

JAKE
Just tell me what it is.

KRISTY
You have to promise me you won't get mad.

Jake sighs in frustration.

JAKE
I promise I won't get mad.

KRISTY
I stopped taking the pill six months ago.

CU. JAKE

Puzzled. Now so ghastly he can't react. The SOUND OF A ROCKET ENGINE COMES UP.

109 EXT. DESERT - DAY 109

A rocket sled hurtles across the flats.

CU. JAKE

Jake's in the seat. He's wearing what he was in bed. His pillow's behind his head. Absolute terror.

EXT. DESERT

The rocket sled explodes against a cement wall at the end of the track. DISSOLVE TO...

*110 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY - JUNE 85 110
CU. JAKE

Jake's sitting against a white background holding a baby on his lap. He's wearing a suit and tie. The baby's in a t-shirt and diaper. PULL BACK to reveal Jake holding the baby in a photo studio. It's a photo shoot for the

(CONTD.)

110 CONTD. 110 CONTD.

(CONTD.)
diaper account. Jake's sitting on a stool on a white sweep. A PHOTOGRAPHER and his ASSISTANTS are busy getting things ready.

JAKE
Howard! This is the stupidest thing I've ever done in my life.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO

Howard and Bill are off to the side drinking coffee, talking to the pretty, young STYLIST. Howard turns to Jake.

HOWARD
Did you get a paycheck last week?

JAKE
Quit throwing that in my face.

HOWARD
We're all doing it.

JAKE
What's the point?

HOWARD
Client relations.

JAKE
Some worthless old shit is retiring so I have to take half a day off and have my picture taken with somebody else's baby?

HOWARD
Everybody on the account's doing it. You're nothing special.

JAKE
Do they hire us to develope their advertising or to play clown?

HOWARD
Both.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(to Jake)
You can relax for a few minutes. I have to reset the lights. I don't like what I'm not seeing.

Jake gets up off the stool with the baby. He walks over to Howard and Bill. He's still holding the baby.

JAKE
This is ridiculous, Howard.

HOWARD
Your wife sees these pictures, she's going to start begging you for offspring.

BILL
How come you've held out so long?

JAKE
My reproductive life is none of your business. Where's the mother?

HOWARD
I think she's out in the hall.

BILL
You look very good with a baby in your arms.

JAKE
So do you. Here.

He hands the baby to Bill. He declines.

BILL
I have a dinner right after work. I can't afford to risk an accident.

JAKE
Our unique Super-Stick tape tabs will protect you and everything around you.

Jake hands the baby to Bill. Bill hands it to Howard.

HOWARD
I'm going to the same dinner.

Howard hands the baby back to Jake.

110 CONTD. 110 CONTD.

BILL
What dinner are you going to?

HOWARD
I'm not going to any dinner.

111 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 111

Jake walks out with the baby on his shoulder. He looks around for the mother.

JAKE
Listen, if you see your mother, just piss on my tie.

He hears CONVERSATION in a room down the hall. He walks down to an open doorway and looks in.

111 CONTD. 111 CONTD.

HIS POV

It's a dressing room. Three models are changing. Panties and little else. Very casual and relaxed. One has her back to Jake. The other two see him and stop talking.

CU. JAKE

He's embarrassed. They're just curious. His embarrassment is puzzling to them. They have nothing to hide or to be ashamed of. He offers a nervous smile.

JAKE
Sorry.

He starts to step back.

CU. GIRL

The girl with her back turned, turns to Jake. She's holding a shirt to her front. It's the GIRL.

CU. JAKE

PUSH IN ON HIS FACE. Shock.

CU. GIRL

She smiles.

HER POV. JAKE

He's dumbfounded. Holding the baby. He manages a crimped smile.

CU. GIRL

Beautiful, heavenly smile and a return greeting.

GIRL
Hello.

CU. JAKE

The world comes to an end.

JAKE'S VOICE
It was her. And glory be to the Lord she was in her underwear. The jolt to my pysche was so sharp and strong that I'm sure it was felt by every one of my living relatives.

*112 INT. FAMILY ROOM. JIM 112

He's asleep on the couch. Suddenly, he sits bolt upright, his hair stands on end and he screams.

113 CU. TABLE TOP - DAY 113

A ball of mercury rolling across a slab of marble.

JAKE'S VOICE
My blood turned to quicksilver...

114 CU. GUTTER - DAY 114

A rubber boot splashes down in a puddle of grimy street slush.

JAKE'S VOICE
...My knees to slush...

115 CU. CLENCHED FIST - DAY 115

The hand opens to reveal two large, shiney steel balls.

JAKE'S VOICE
...My nuts to ball bearings...

116 CU. HOT GRIDDLE - DAY 116

A ladle of pancake batter is poured onto the hot metal surface.

JAKE'S VOICE
...My brain to pancake batter...

117 CU. WIND-UP MONKEY - DAY 117

A toy monkey beating on a tin drum.

JAKE'S VOICE
...My heart was beating like a son of a bitch. You couldn't have pried my buttocks open with a crowbar.

118 CU. SHIPPING CRATE - DAY 118

A crowbar pries the lid off the wooden crate.

119 CU. ELECTRONIC CIRCUITRY - DAY 119

A flare-out.

JAKE'S VOICE
The circuit linking my brain to my mouth blew...

120 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY 12-

Jake and the ladies.

JAKE'S VOICE
...and I delivered what will long stand as the stupidest remark a man ever made to a woman upon first meeting.

JAKE
Your eyebrows are perfectly horizontal.

JAKE'S VOICE
I was just about to tell her how much taller she was than my Aunt Edith when I realized that I was holding a baby.

121 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY 121

Jake rushes into the studio, hurries over to Howard and Bill and puts the baby in Howard's arms.

HOWARD
What...?

Jake dashes out of the studio.

122 INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. MAIN GALLERY - DAY 122

Jake and the Girl are sitting on a bench in front of a towering tyranasaurus skeleton. He's sitting forward, she's straddling the bench. She's relaxed and comfortable. Jake is a bag of knotted nerves.

GIRL
You're married?

The last thing Jake wanted to hear. He looks at her. She taps his wedding band.

GIRL
You're wearing a ring.

Jake looks at his left hand. The Girl realizes that Jake is uncomfortable. She puts her hand on his shoulder.

GIRL
I'm married.

Jake looks at her again. This is worse. Not only does he have Kristy to worry about, he has her husband as well.

GIRL
He's in Paris. You'll never see him.

She lays down on the bench and puts her head in Jake's lap. He quickly scans the room to see if anybody's watching.

GIRL
I was too young. He was too young.

JAKE
I married young.

GIRL
Are you still in love with her?

JAKE
Yeah. Of course.

GIRL
If you're still in love with her why are you here with me?

A brutally direct question for which Jake has no ready answer. He quickly changes subjects. She doesn't pursue.

JAKE
So, how do you like Chicago, so far?

GIRL
It's cold. But my brother lives here and we're very close. I work a little, play a little. Best of all, I'm away from Jean-Jacques. He'd never come here.

JAKE
Winter is brutal. Wild winds, bone-chilling cold, ice, sleet. Boy, when that wind comes in off the lake. Good Lord! Yes. It's very cold.

Jake's sweating openly.

GIRL
I didn't mean the weather.

JAKE
The museum? You know it is a little chilly.

122 CONTD. 122 CONTD.

He gathers his collar around his damp neck.

GIRL
The people. The men. You.

JAKE
(covering his embarrassment)
How would you know? You just met me. How do you know I'm cold?

She sits up.

GIRL
It's not your fault. You're very nervous.

She gets up off the bench and heads across the huge gallery.

JAKE
I'm not nervous, why do you think I'm nervous?

She keeps walking but turns to him.

GIRL
Because you don't know what you want.

She gives him a teasing smile and kiss and a coy wave of her fingers. She turns and heads into the museum.

CU. JAKE

He thinks about what she's said. She's right.

JAKE'S VOICE
I got her phone number and a promise that she'd see me again. And I gave her a promise that I'd see her again. What I couldn't determine was what she saw in me.

123 INT. MUSEUM. EGYPTIAN ROOM - DAY 123

A recreation of a burial chamber. The Girl has her hands on the glass, looking in at the hierogylphs.

123 CONTD. 123 CONTD.

JAKE'S VOICE
She said it was a feeling she got when she looked at me. She said that love was perishable and was quick to fade but that it was constantly occuring and when one love faded another could be found to replace it. To live her life to the fullest she had to always be in love. I knew what she was talking about. I knew the feeling she was so addicted to. I once had it with Kristy. When everything about her was new and our relationship was filled with secrets and mysteries. I had to believe that that feeling left every relationship after a while.

CU. JAKE

He's watching her. Sad, confused, his feelings in disarray.

JAKE'S VOICE
And that something took it's place. Something more profound than familiarity. Maybe if I'd known what that was I never would have thought any more of this woman than that she was very, very beautiful. I couldn't help but think that although I hadn't touched her or given her anything more than a few hours of my time that the damage was done. She was to my confused mind what the first needle must be to an addict.

124 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 124

The commuters are walking to the train. It's hot and humid. The weary workers trudging home. Jake is lost in the crowd. He's worried and troubled.

125 INT. UNION STATION - DAY - SUMMER 125

Jake crosses the vast lobby of the old train terminal.

126 EXT. BOARDING AREA - DAY - SUMMER/WINTER 126

Jake shuffles down the hot, damp, dark, dirty ramp to the waiting commuter train. He boards. The doors close and the train pulls out. WE FOLLOW THE TRAIN AS IT PULLS OUT TO REVEAL THE TRAIN YARD IS COVERED WITH A BLANKET OF SNOW. IT'S WINTER.

127 EXT. CITY - DAY - JAN. 86 127

The train pulls out of the station past the frozen river and the cold, dark sky.

128 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NIGHT 128

Jake's sitting on the train. Next to the Mole. Jake's staring out the window. The Mole's reading his journal.

JAKE'S POV

The blur of passing buildings, streets, headlights.

CU. JAKE

Empty eyes.

129 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT 129

The suburbs. Bare trees, snow and ice. The train steams past.

130 CU. JAKE - NIGHT 130

He closes his eyes and rests his head against the glass.

131 EXT. COMMUTER STATION - NIGHT 131

The train pulls into the station. Snow on the ground, full moon, bitter cold. Jake steps off the train. It pulls out. He turns his collar to the wind and heads home.

132 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 132

A lonely, empty street. Jake comes around the corner. As he breaks the corner and comes toward CAMERA, a huge blue moon rises up behind him. Clear and silver blue. He notices something. The light's changed. A strange, curious, cautious look on his face. He stops and turns.

*133 HIS POV - NIGHT 133

Jake's face appears in the moon. It speaks. In Jake's voice.

MOON
You're out of your tiny, twisted mind. You're courting complete mental breakdown. This isn't high school. I'd say it isn't college either but you didn't have the patience to gut that one out. This is the real world. Big-time, grown-up nasty world. There isn't a Mommy powerful enough to soothe the hurt you're headed for.

133 CONTD.

133 CONTD.

CU. JAKE

He stares at the strange image.

MOON
You're into the French now. Remember what Napoleon said... "The only victory over love is flight."

MOON

Continues the scold.

MOON
You know what that means? Split. Go home and eat some grouper. And pray to God that you have it and somebody decent and forgiving enough to cook it for you.

CU. JAKE

He responds, speaks to the sky.

JAKE
Was Napoleon in love at Waterloo?

MOON

He's pissed.

MOON
He didn't throw good love after bad love.

JAKE

He's getting angry.

JAKE
What's good love? What's bad love? What do you know?

MOON

Laughs.

MOON
You're gonna grow-up whether or not you want to. Either you do it, or it gets done to you.

133 CONTD. 133 CONTD.

JAKE

He doesn't like anything he's hearing. He looks away. Keeps walking. Looks back.

JAKE
I have higher ambitions than this empty, pointless life. I got something.

MOON

Curls his lip.

MOON
You got shit, my friend. You're a fool. You're gonna find out that it hurts more to run than to stand.

JAKE

He's had enough of the conversation.

JAKE
Shut-up.

MOON

Anger.

MOON
You shut-up.

JAKE

Angry squint.

MOON

Outrage.

MOON
I'm gonna give you the worst nightmare you ever had.

JAKE

He laughs. Looks away.

MOON

Furious at Jake's reaction.

MOON
I'm gonna make you tell Kristy about your mystery woman. You're gonna start talking in your sleep, pal.

JAKE

Angry scowl.

JAKE
I don't have to listen to you.

MOON

A smirk and a bitter laugh.

MOON
You listen to everybody else. You know, if you had a ring put in your nose, it'd make it a hell of alot easier for people to lead you around.

JAKE

He's outraged.

JAKE
Nobody leads me around! I'm my own man! Nothing you can say to me has any impact because you're an illusion! You're a figment of my imagination! I did nothing wrong. I didn't touch her.

MOON

He agrees. Partially.

MOON
Not technically but you've got a multitude of long brown hairs on your suit coat, you reek of her perfume and your underwear's all twisted up from the erection you lugged half-way home.

134 EXT. STREET. MILT - NIGHT 134

He's just come home. He gets out of his car and scratches a little afternoon evidence off his trousers. He looks up.

HIS POV

Jake's smelling his clothes. He picks a hair off his tie and adjusts his undershorts. An odd sight to say the least.

CU. MILT

He clucks his tongue.

MILT
Mmm, mmm, mmm. Those first affairs are a bitch.

Shakes his head and walks to the house.

*135 JAKE 135

He looks up at the moon.

JAKE
Screw you.

MOON

Quick, impulsive response.

MOON
Worm.

JAKE

Anger scowl.

JAKE
Dog.

MOON
Dwarf.

JAKE
Formless idiot.

MOON

Sticks out his tongue.

JAKE

Jake kisses his middle finger. Turns forward and walks right off the curb.

136 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 136

Jake's laying on his side in the slush. He rolls over on his back and looks up at the sky.

HIS POV

The moon. No face. Normal size, high in the sky.

*137 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT 137

The lights are out. Kristy's in bed. Jake peeks in. Thinks she's sleeping. He slips into the room. He starts undressing.

KRISTY
You're home late.

Jake turns quickly. Startled that she's awake.

JAKE
God, you scared me.

KRISTY
I'm sorry.

JAKE
It's okay. I thought you were asleep.

KRISTY
Did you eat?

JAKE
I had something downtown. You smell that?

KRISTY
What?

JAKE
At lunch I went over to Saks to look for a new overcoat and you know those women in the cosmetic department with the sample perfume? One of them nailed me with some goddamn French perfume. It was an accident but still. Jesus, it make me mad.

The lie flies.

KRISTY
How was the photography session?

JAKE
Boring. Just boring.

There's a long pause.

KRISTY
I went back to the doctor today.

JAKE
Everything okay?

KRISTY
All my tests were in.

JAKE
Yeah?

KRISTY
It's not me. I'm fine.

JAKE
What's that mean?

Jake pulls off his shoes.

KRISTY
It means I'm okay.

JAKE
Obviously you're not okay if you can't get pregnant.

KRISTY
I <u>can</u> get pregnant.

Jake drops a shoe.

JAKE
If you <u>can</u> get pregnant, then why <u>aren't</u> you pregnant?

KRISTY
Because you can't <u>get</u> me pregnant.

CU. JAKE

A thundering, resounding CRASH!

INT. BEDROOM

Jake unbuttons his shirt.

JAKE
You really believe that?

KRISTY
It's nothing to be ashamed of.

JAKE
Who's ashamed?

KRISTY
My mother told me my father had the same problem. And it worked out.

JAKE
Your mother knows about this? That's great. Anybody on the block not hear about it? Was it on the news?

KRISTY
My mother went to the doctor with me. What was I supposed to do?

JAKE
We could put a couple of chairs at the end of the bed and your parents could supervise. I'm sure your old man would have a few pointers for me.

138 INT. BEDROOM. RUSS AND GAYLE - NIGHT 138

They're sitting on wing chairs at the foot of the bed. Russ is wearing half-glasses, reading the paper. Gayle is needle-pointing. Russ sets the paper aside, looks to the bed, gestures to Gayle.

RUSS
They're starting.

Gayle sets down her needle-point, crosses her hands in her lap and prepares to watch the mating.

RUSS
(to Jake)
Get your butt a little higher, Jake!

GAYLE
Russ, please. He knows what he's doing.

RUSS
(to Gayle)
If he knew what he was doing, we'd have a grandchild by now.

139 OMIT 139 OMIT

140 INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER - NIGHT 140

Jake's smoking a cigarette. Sitting in the dark.

JAKE'S VOICE
I never felt more foolish, more insignificant, more guilty and ugly and low in my life. I spent the afternoon with a woman and came home to find out I'm incapable of putting myself into the position I was so worried about getting into. All the talk about kids and should we have them or not. It was like a blind man bitching about the color of the car he can't drive.

X141 EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY X141

A supermarket in a suburban shopping center. It's Saturday.

141 INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY 141

It's Saturday, Kristy and Jake are shopping. Jake's distracted, worried about his problem. They pass a shopping cart with a baby in it. Kristy stops the cart and touches the baby. She continues. Jake looks at the baby.

CU. BABY

Looks at Jake. Spits.

INT. GROCERY STORE

Jake catches up to Kristy.

KRISTY
It could be a very simple problem.

JAKE
There's no problem, okay?

KRISTY
Compared to what I had to go through, your test is simple.

Jake doesn't respond.

KRISTY
What's the big deal?

JAKE
Would you like to have to do that?

Kristy smiles.

KRISTY
I'll help you.

JAKE
Very funny. Forget it. If you're okay and I'm not then there's nothing to say or do.

KRISTY
If you have a problem, it can be treated.

JAKE
Just where I want to have surgery. Nobody's touching my nuts, thank you very much.

INT. GROCERY. WOMAN

A middle-aged WOMAN shopper at the produce counter with a kiwi fruit in each hand. She turns slowly as she hears Jake.

INT. STORE. JAKE AND KRISTY

Jake realizes he's been heard. He lowers his voice.

JAKE
This is not the place to discuss it.

KRISTY
Why're you being such a baby?

JAKE
I'm not being a baby.

KRISTY
Yes, you are. Do you know how many men have to go through with this?

JAKE
Whatever number minus one because I'm not doing it.

KRISTY
I knew you'd be a baby about it so I called Dr. Stanky and asked him what's involved.

A cautious pause.

JAKE
What's involved?

KRISTY
Two minutes and a sterile glass vial.

CU. JAKE

He stares at her incredulously.

CU. KRISTY

She tries to reassure him.

KRISTY
It's all very discreet and professional.

142 INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY 142

Jake's at the reception desk. A young GIRL is behind the counter. She looks up with a chirpy smile.

GIRL
May I help you?

CU. JAKE

He clears his throat.

JAKE
I have my...sample?

CU. GIRL

The girl's eyes shift from Jake to the vial in his hand. A look of horror grips her face. She backs away and screams at the top of her voice.

GIRL
SPERM! EEEEEOOOOOOOO!

142 CONTD. 142 CONTD.

INT. LAB

An older woman, a NURSE rushes out. She sees Jake and the sample. She screams.

NURSE
SPERM! EEEEEOOOOOOO!

INT. LAB. RECEPTION AREA

Three WOMEN and an OLDER MAN start screaming.

143 INT. BASEMENT - DAY 143

CU. TELEVISION SET

An underwear commercial. A baby boomer commercial. Handsome man in his mid-thirties marching down a crowded city street in designer briefs, swinging his briefcase. Attractive BUSINESS WOMAN on his arm. THE FRAME FREEZES and a super comes up...UNDERGROUND BRIEFS FOR ALL THE COLORS OF A MAN'S LIFE.

JAKE'S VOICE
My inability to impregnate Kristy was blamed on tight shorts. Having something to do with my body temperature.

144 INT. BASEMENT 144

Jake is sitting on an old chair in the dark basement, smoking a cigarette.

JAKE'S VOICE
With the fertility problem isolated and hopefully resolved, another problem surfaced to take it's place. It seemed rather flimsy to me. To go throught the hell of a fertility check and discover that my preference in undergarments was to blame seemed as silly and pointless as everything else about my life.

KRISTY (OC)
Jake! Jakey? My temperature's just right. This is the perfect time. Where are you?

JAKE'S VOICE
Hiding from my wife. Hiding from my manly obligation. Our love nest had become a stud
(CONTD.)

JAKE'S VOICE
(CONTD.)
farm. I couldn't stand it and I couldn't tell her. It was no fun when there was so much purpose attached to it.

Jake drops his cigarette on the floor and stomps it out.

CU. FLOOR

It's covered with cigarette butts.

145 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 145

Kristy's sitting on the bed in her bra and panties looking at a chart. An ovulation kit and thermometer is close at hand. Various unspecified gauges, valves, tubes, bottles, charts, diagrams and computer print-outs are scattered around. Eight pillows and two couch cushions are arranged in a neat stack in the center of the bed. The room looks like a fertility lab. Jake walks in and stands in the doorway.

KRISTY
Were you working on the water heater again?

JAKE
(listless)
Yeah.

KRISTY
I'm sorry to interupt you but it's been forty eight hours since our last coition, my temperature's optimum, I'm ovulating, I have the pillows set-up for the position Dr. Stanky wants us to try so that my cervix is placed better in the intravaginal seminal pool. You can watch TV if you get bored.

She hands him one of two glasses of wine on the nightstand. He takes the glass with little or no enthusiasm.

KRISTY
Here's to a successful fertilization!

She clinks her glass to his. He she sips. He throws his down and drops his pants, revealing enormous boxer shorts. As she invites him into her arms we HEAR THE SOUND OF AN INDUSTRIAL AIR WHISTLE, ASSORTED FACTORY SOUNDS. GRINDING
(CONTD.)

(CONTD.)
MACHINERY AND LEE DORSEY'S "WORKING IN A COAL MINE". Kristy turns off the light and lays back on the bed. Jake stands in the doorway for a long beat.

146 EXT. HOUSE - DAY TO NIGHT - FEB. 86 146

The SONG continues for several long beats. CAMERA MOVES UP TO THE SKY. IT HOLDS AND AFTERNOON BECOMES A CLEAR, BLACK NIGHT SKY. THE CAMERA DESCENDS. A FATAL CRASH OF MUSIC. DARK, OMINOUS, BELLS, CHIMES, STRINGS, BRASS, PIPE ORGAN. (OUT OF THE STING THE ORGAN CONTINUES THROUGHOUT). AS WE REACH A CU. OF DAVIS' FACE. His eyes are red and swollen from crying. His voice is thick and choked.

DAVIS
My father's dead.

HIS POV

Jake and Kristy are at their front door. They're stunned.

147 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 147

Davis is sitting on the couch with a foot up on the table. Jake and Kristy are across from him. Davis has a glass of scotch.

DAVIS
He had a heart attack on the company plane. On his way to Houston.

He leans forward, ducks his head and stares into the drink.

DAVIS
It happened a month ago.

KRISTY
A month?

DAVIS
Nobody told me. Nobody called me.

Kristy's shocked. Jake doesn't know what to say. He stays silent. Davis starts to cry.

DAVIS
Nobody in my family called me. You believe that?

KRISTY
Why?

DAVIS
I don't know why. They don't like the way I live. I don't know. They won't talk to me.

Kristy looks at Jake. he's outraged. He still doesn't know what to say.

DAVIS
I thought I forgot how to cry.

He looks up.

DAVIS
I guess it's something you never forget. Like riding a bike.
(deep sigh)
It's getting real. This one's forever. You guys ever looked forever in the face? She's ugly.

KRISTY
Are you going to stay in New York?

Davis nods.

DAVIS
I don't have anything here.

KRISTY
Friends.

DAVIS
I have friends in New York. Not like you and Jake. But I have friends. I certainly don't want to see my family.

KRISTY
What about Erin?

DAVIS
I got rid of her just after I saw you last. She wouldn't have been any help anyway. She's too stupid and self-centered.

JAKE
You're living alone?

DAVIS
Never have, never will.
(pause)
Outside of this immediate problem, my life is outstanding. You guys seem pretty happy.

KRISTY
Yeah.

JAKE
We are.

DAVIS
You're calm. You're real calm. The world needs the stable ones so that the rest of us can live on the edge and know that if we go over, someone's keeping tabs on the civilization.

Kristy doesn't understand what Davis means. She's not sure she enjoys the evaluation. Jake looks at her. Then at Davis. Davis looks from Jake to Kristy. He smiles.

*148 INT. GUEST BEDROOM 148

Davis is sitting on the bed with his back to the wall. Moonlight's coming in the window. A radio's playing softly. He looks to the door. It's as though he's waiting for something. He turns the radio up a little.

*149 INT. MASTER BEDROOM 149

Jake's asleep. Kristy's laying awake. She hears the radio. She looks to her door. She slips out of bed. She's wearing only panties. She grabs Jake's shirt off the bed and puts it on. She opens the door and looks down the hall.

HER POV

We can see Davis' shadow on the guest room wall.

CU. KRISTY

She feels badly that Davis is still up. She buttons the shirt.

*150 INT. GUEST ROOM 150

Davis looks toward the door.

HIS POV

Kristy's standing in the open door.

KRISTY
Are you sleeping?

DAVIS

He shakes his head, no.

DAVIS
No. And neither are you. What's on your mind?

KRISTY

She leans against the doorjamb. Folds her arms across her chest.

KRISTY
I was worried about you.

DAVIS

He sits up and crosses his legs under him.

DAVIS
Why? Come in.

INT. ROOM

Kristy hesitates for a moment, then walks in.

KRISTY
I feel bad about what's about happened and I don't really know what to say. No one close to me has ever died.

DAVIS
(as charming as it gets)
Say anything.

KRISTY
I'm sorry?

DAVIS
You can do better than that.

KRISTY
What do you mean?

DAVIS
It doesn't have to be something so grim. You can tell me anything you want.

Kristy crosses to a chair and sits down.

KRISTY
We miss you. How's that?

DAVIS
We?

KRISTY
Jake and I.

DAVIS
Jake and who?

KRISTY
Me.

DAVIS
You miss me?

KRISTY
Yeah.

DAVIS
Why?

Kristy hesitates.

KRISTY
Why? We've been friends for years.

DAVIS
That's all?

KRISTY
Friendship isn't enough for you?

DAVIS
Sometimes.

Davis turns on the bed and sits over the side.

DAVIS
Sometimes not.

She doesn't understand what he means. She's aware of the situation Davis is setting up.

DAVIS
Jake said you wanted a baby. Why?

KRISTY
Because I'm ready.

DAVIS
How do know when you're ready?

KRISTY
You feel it.

DAVIS
Is Jake ready?

KRISTY
I think so. He says he is.

DAVIS
How does he know?

KRISTY
I don't know. Maybe he feels it.

DAVIS
Maybe not. Why'd he get married?

Kristy pauses. The conversation's twisting too much.

DAVIS
I went through the whole thing with him. there's a pattern to Jake's behavior.

KRISTY
I know.

DAVIS
He stumbles through life.

Kristy sits back in the chair, brings a leg up and rests her chin on her knee.

DAVIS
I've known him since we were kids. And he's never once taken the initiative. I know for a fact that he didn't ask you to marry him and I know for a fact that he doesn't want you to get pregnant.

KRISTY
What are you trying to say, Davis?

DAVIS
Nothing.

KRISTY
Nothing?

DAVIS
Nothing.

Kristy stares at him. He stares right back.

KRISTY
I came in to talk about your father.

DAVIS
He's dead. There's nothing to talk about.

KRISTY
I thought maybe there was.

DAVIS
There isn't.

She stands up.

KRISTY
Sleep well.

She starts for the door.

DAVIS
I won't.

She stops and turns back to Davis.

KRISTY
Davis, what do you want from me? You're making me feel very strange.

DAVIS
What I want, I can't have. So I'm not going to ask.

KRISTY
You want to sleep with me?

Davis sits back on the bed. By not answering, he answers.

KRISTY
I'm sorry.

She starts out of the room.

DAVIS
I just wanted you to kiss me goodnight.

Kristy turns back to him. Davis lightens up.

DAVIS
I just didn't know how to ask without making it seem like a big thing. It was stupid. Now I'm sorry.

KRISTY
I've heard some miserable come-on lines.

DAVIS
Where have you heard come-on lines? You've been married all your life.

KRISTY
(chuckles)
I'm not a nun, Davis. And I'm not stupid.

DAVIS
Did I say you were stupid?

KRISTY
In so many words.

DAVIS
You think I'm scum, don't you? Because I stayed at your house three years ago with a tart. You think that if I ask for a kiss, it's prelude to romance.

KRISTY
Houseguests don't ask their hosts for a goodnight kiss, Davis.

DAVIS
I've always been very discreet about my feelings for you because of Jake but where do I come when something's upsetting me? I come to you. Do I go to my sister? My mother? My...women? I came to you.

KRISTY
It looked to me like you came to Jake.

DAVIS
Jake is traumatized when he buys new shoes and has to give up the old ones. I came to you because in this frozen heart of mine there's one little warm spot and I've saved it for you.

KRISTY
(with a smile)
Liar.

DAVIS
I can lie with the best of them. But this is the truth. I envy Jake. I always have. It was very difficult for me when you and Jake got married. Now I'm used to it and I see you differently.

KRISTY
How do you see me?

DAVIS
Promise you won't laugh?

KRISTY
No.
(pause)
Yes.

DAVIS
You're like an ex-wife. Someone that I loved and still love but who belongs to someone else.

Kristy is touched by the remark.

DAVIS
I just wanted a kiss. Just know that maybe in some microscopic way, you care about me.

Kristy smiles. She crosses back to the bed. Davis stands up. He takes Kristy's hands. She reaches up to kiss him. He sits down. Kristy looks down at him, surprised at what he's doing.

KRISTY
What's wrong?

DAVIS
Forget it. You better go.

KRISTY
Why?

DAVIS
This is foolish.

She sits down next to him.

KRISTY
I don't understand.

Davis looks at her. He leans forward and gently places his lips on hers. Barely touches. Looks into her eyes. She into his. Neither one closes their eyes.

CU. HER CHEST

Davis's hand slowly slides into her shirt.

151 INT. BEDROOM. LATER - NIGHT 151

Kristy comes back in the room. She gets into bed. She looks at Jake and then slides deep into the covers.

*152 INT. OFFICE. MORNING 152

Howard's office. It's empty. Packed away in boxes. Jake's sitting on the window sill looking at the boxes. He looks up. Howard's standing in the doorway.

JAKE'S VOICE
Random House bought one of Howard's novels. Overnight it was sold to TV for a mini-series. Howard gave notice and was gone.

HOWARD
Jealous?

He manages a grim smile.

JAKE
Very. L.A.?

Howard walks in and sits on the edge of the bare desk.

HOWARD
Saturday. I'm taking the whole tribe west.

JAKE
I know you'll think this is just disguised hatred, but I'm really happy for you.

HOWARD
Everybody wants to cut my throat. Bill said I'm going to blow my new dough and my profit sharing and I'll be back in a year as a bitter, broken man.
(a little doubt)
What do you think?

JAKE
No. You'll be fine. At the very least you won't be sitting in an old folks home someday wishing you'd gone after your dream.

HOWARD
Thanks.

JAKE
No problem. Cowards give the best advice.

He sticks out his hand. Howard grabs it. Jake gives him a bear hug.

HOWARD
I'm having dinner with Morgan Fairchild, Sunday.

*153 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN. JAKE - NIGHT 153

He's sitting on the train, looking to the side.

HIS POV

The Mole transformed. No hat, no suit. Rock'n roll. Leather jacket, t-shirt, leather jeans, sprayed hair, pierced ear. The Wall Street Journal's been replaced by the New Musical Express. He looks at Jake.

JAKE AND THE MOLE

They're staring at each other.

JAKE
What happened to you?

MOLE
My wife got sick of the grey suits and the hats. She got sick of my job.

JAKE
And?

MOLE
Today was my last day at work.

JAKE
You're retiring?

MOLE
Career switching.

JAKE
Switching to what?

MOLE
I've always enjoyed music.

JAKE
Yeah?

MOLE
I wrote a few songs, sold a TV station, bought a record company, cut an album shopped it around, got alot of AOR interest and now I'm going to open for U2 on their world tour. When we're in town, I'd like to come down and check it out.

153 CONTD. 153 CONTD.

JAKE
I'd love to.

MOLE
How're things with you?

JAKE
I'm infatuated with another woman, my wife wants to get pregnant and I can't tell if I love her, I'm under medical orders to wear loose underpants and screw thirty times a day, my best friend at work sold a novel to TV, I can't finish mine, you're the biggest geek I've ever met you're going to do an album and tour with U2, life means nothing to me. I'm fine.

MOLE
There are some that believe life is but a cruel, insufferable prelude to death and nothingness.
(smile and a pause)
You ever get that garage door opener installed?

JAKE
No, not yet.

MOLE
It's not doing you any good sitting in the box.

He gives Jake a smile.

JAKE
Would it be rude of me to beat the shit out of you and throw you off the train?

MOLE
(thinks)
A little bit.

JAKE
Good luck.

MOLE
Thanks.

The Mole takes out his pipe and lights up. He goes back to his reading. Jake stares out the window. WE MOVE IN ON HIM.

A154 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING. AFTERNOON - FEB. 86 A154

An old office building converted to residential space.

154 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 154

Jake's looking up at the numbers ticking past.

155 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 155

The elevator doors open. Jake stands in the open doors. The doors close. A beat and they open and Jake steps out into the hall.

DOOR SPY HOLE VIEW

A FISHEYE of Jake waiting at the door.

CU. DOOR

It opens to reveal the Woman. She's wearing a man's shirt with the sleeves cut off, open, exposing her bra and button-fly jeans undone halfway. She smiles and steps back from the door. Jake enters. The door closes.

156 INT. APARTMENT. LATER. NIGHT 156

The Woman's sitting on the floor reading typed pages. He's standing in the window, looking out on the city.

GIRL
This is very touching.

JAKE
You really think so?

GIRL
I think it's lovely. It's not finished?

Jake shakes his head, no. She crosses the room and sits down next to him.

GIRL
Will you publish it?

JAKE
That's not up to me.

GIRL
Will you put me in it?

JAKE
Who do you want to be?

GIRL
Your wife.

JAKE
(light)
Life imitating art?

GIRL
(serious)
Art imitating life.

She kisses his cheek. She gathers the manuscript pages.

JAKE'S VOICE
She was so beautiful and so sweet and she knew just where to stroke me. On my softest part. My brain.

GIRL
You're so bright and expressive and sensitive to what's happening to you.

JAKE
I'm none of those things. I'm just a good typist.

GIRL
Maybe we should go away.

Jake looks at her. Looks away. He puts out his cigarette. Turns up the music. Loks out the window. Looks back at her and shakes his head, no.

JAKE
No.

GIRL
Why?

JAKE
Because I'm afraid.

GIRL
Of what?

JAKE
Everything.

GIRL
Me?

JAKE
Especially you.

She doesn't understand. She backs away.

GIRL
What have I done to make you afraid of me?

JAKE
You were born.

She's completely confused.

JAKE
I'm attracted to you and I'm repelled. What I'm doing isn't fair.

GIRL
What are you doing?

JAKE
(after a pause)
I'm using you to see if I love my wife.

A moment of impulsive anger and she walks into the bedroom.

JAKE
I'm sorry.

A beat and he walks to the bedroom door.

JAKE'S VOICE
I finally stood my ground. I said something honest and correct and at the proper moment. I felt a strange relief. Something akin to what a weasel must feel after it chew it's leg off to escape a trap.

157 CU. ANIMAL TRAPS 157

A steel spring trap slams shut.

158 CU. JAKE - NIGHT 158

He looks into the room.

HIS POV

The Girl is standing at the window. Her back is to Jake. She peels her top off and turns to him.

CU. JAKE

Freezes.

JAKE'S VOICE
There it was. Take it or leave it. At that moment my life could have gone in any direction. The change I wanted so badly, the escape I thought I needed was waiting.

CU. GIRL

She holds her look on him.

JAKE'S VOICE
A couple of terrible weeks of pre-divorce agony. Some guilt, some remorse. Whenever it got too strong she could always take me in her arms and hold me and lie to me.

INT. ROOM

The Girl crosses to the platform bed and slides into it. She rests her head on her hand and holds her look on Jake. It's serious. Then it turns to a smile. The sweetest, most harmless, loving smile anybody ever offered. Not a touch of evil or wrong. An angel.

JAKE'S VOICE
I'd managed to go through my entire life without making a firm, intractable decision. I couldn't run from this.

Jake bends down and picks up his manuscript.

JAKE
- I'm sorry. I have to go.

CU. GIRL

158 CONTD. 158 CONTD.

She nods. She understands.

GIRL
I know.

CU. JAKE

A sad smile.

JAKE
I'm sorry.

He waves and backs away.

CU. GIRL

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS AWAY from her as she brings her shirt to her chest and blows Jake a kiss. CAMERA continues PULLING BACK across the apartment CAMERA MOVES OUT THE DOOR. It closes. We hold on the carved wood door to see a depiction of Eve offering the Apple to Adam. FADE DOWN...

159 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. CU. KRISTY - DAY 159

Close on Kristy's content, smiling face. WE PULL BACK SLOWLY TO REVEAL that she's sitting on an examination table in her OB's office. She's wearing a blue medical gown. She's smiling, bursting with pride. Her hand is on her belly. She looks down and gently rubs her tummy. She looks up.

HER POV

Jake steps in the room. He closes the door behind him. He's nervous and excited and scared all at the same time.

JAKE
Well?

CU. KRISTY

She smiles.

KRISTY
I'm not your Kristy any more. Now and forever more, I'm mother.

CU. JAKE

PUSH-IN ON HIS FACE. A frightened smile.

CU. KRISTY

PUSH-IN ON HER FACE. Complete confidence.

160 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 160

Kristy's behind the shower curtain, taking a shower. We can see the outline of her body through the shower curtain.

JAKE'S VOICE
She didn't look any different. Despite the turmoil within her body she looked normal. Maybe her breasts were a little bigger.

CU. KRISTY'S CHEST

Having a little trouble fastening her bra. Alot of trouble. The bra's a good couple of sizes too small.

CU. KRISTY'S FACE

She's making up her face. Lovely face.

JAKE'S VOICE
Her face was as pretty as ever. There was a glow to it. A patina of happiness. A radiance. It wasn't sexy. It was just beautiful. This is what she always wanted. This is what she was made to do and she would do it better than anybody.

161 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 161

Jake's sitting on the bed. At his feet is a laundry basket. He reaches in and picks up a teensy pair of panties.

JAKE'S VOICE
She was excited with the change in her body. Just as I'm traumatized when I buy a new pair of shoes and have to give up the old ones, I lamented having to say farewell to the physical form that had served us so well for so many years.

He looks at the panties. He puts them back and picks up another pair. A huge, white cotton pair. He holds them up. He sighs.

162 INT. BATHROOM. FLASHBACK. EVENING 162

From the back, we see Jake's mother as woman of thirty. She's wearing a bra and the giant white cotton underpants. Her hair's in rollers. She's leaning forward, over the sink, doing her eye make-up. Ass to CAMERA. SEVERE UP ANGLE.

MOTHER
Jakey, you behave for Mrs. Davnport, tonight.

INT. BATHROOM. LITTLE JAKE

Jake at six, sitting in the bathtub, staring up, slack-jaw at the big, white butt. MUSIC COMES UP.

163 INT. GRADE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - JULY 86 163

Thrity pregnant women are laying on the floor with their mates at their sides. Kristy and Jake are among them. Lamaze class. Throughout the sequence WE HEAR JAKE AND KRISTY TICKING OFF POTENTIAL BABY NAMES. HE DOES GIRL'S NAMES, SHE DOES BOY'S NAMES.

163A INT. BEDROOM. MORNING 163A

Kristy's feeling queasy. Jake's getting dressed. She has her hand over her mouth. Morning sickness. The feeling passes. Comes back. Passes. Comes back. Passes. Jake covers his mouth and runs for the john.

164 OMIT 164 OMIT

165 EXT. BEACH 165

Summer vacation. Kristy's swollen belly is in a bathing suit. Jake's beside her. His swollen belly is glistening with suntan oil.

166 INT. BABY'S ROOM - DAY 166

Jake and Kristy admire the baby wallpaper that Jake has just hung. He and Kristy are covered with wallpaper paste. They exchange looks and a peck on the cheek. They step out of the room and close the door. A beat and the wallpaper strips begin to unpeel from the wall.

167 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 167

Jake's sitting in bed, working on his manuscript. Kristy beside him sleeping on her back. Jake's reading, sipping coffee. Jake finds need for a correction. He sets his coffee on Kristy's swollen belly and pencils in a change.

168 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 168

A baby shower. The parents, friends, the high school beauty queen and destructive daughter. Kristy's opening gifts with great emotion and reaction. She's surrounded by a dozen baby strollers. (Lynn, Cynthia, Barbara, Milt)

168A INT. BEDROOM. MORNING. CU. STOMACH 168A

A pregnant belly. Kristy's hand holds Jake's hand to her stomach. We MOVE UP TO JAKE'S APPREHENSIVE FACE and across to KRISTY'S SMILE.

169 EXT. STREET - DAY 169

A series of MEN and WOMEN, regular folks on the street, offering names. Done documentary style. REAL PEOPLE. Done in CUTS.

170 CU. PARENTS 170

Individual CU.'s of RUSS, GAYLE, JIM, SARAH and the evil client, DON WERNER. Same size, same angle, repeating the same line..."WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY NAME?"

171 INT. AIRPORT. GATE - DAY 171

Kristy and Jake are sitting in row seats at an airport gate.

JAKE
How about Zero?

Kristy looks at him with a smile.

JAKE
It's a nice name. It's certainly not pretentious. It's unique and it fits whether it's a boy or a girl.

KRISTY
What about a middle name?

JAKE
(thinks)
Minus?

172 INT. AIRPORT. JETWAY ENTRANCE - DAY 172

Amidst the crowd of disembarking passengers is Davis. He looks drawn and pale. Too much hard living.

173 INT. AIRPORT. GATE - DAY 173

Davis hugs Kristy. Jake pats him on the back.

KRISTY
How've you been?

DAVIS
Good. Real good.

JAKE
You look like shit.

DAVIS
(unusually caustic)
You are shit.
(to Kristy)
When Jake called and said you were knocked-up, it floored me. I said, I gotta see this one.

He pats Kristy's bulging belly.

DAVIS
I hope you guys know how much it means to me to come and spend a few days with you.

Kristy smiles. Jake doesn't say anything. He's suspicious. It means, at least, more assaults on his lifestyle. They CLEAR FRAME and we see the Girl on the arm of a handsome young MAN. They're catching a flight. She's in love again.

174 INT. LIVING ROOOM - NIGHT 174

It's late. Kristy's gone to bed. Jake and Davis are sitting in the living room.

DAVIS
So, this is it. You can close the book on your life.

Jake smiles. He doesn't detect the sacrasm in Davis' voice.

DAVIS
Papa Jake.
(pause)
You didn't take my advice.

Jake shakes his head, no.

DAVIS
This is all okay with you?

JAKE
I'm doing it, aren't I?

DAVIS
That doesn't mean you want to. It wouldn't be the first time you did something you didn't want to.

JAKE
Haven't I heard this before?

Davis shrugs.

JAKE
This is the way I'm living. This is the way I'll live from now on. That's a fact I'm used to and if you want to stay my friend, you'll get used to it too.

DAVIS
You're really a dumb son of a bitch.

Jake glares at Davis.

DAVIS
I set everything up for you to walk from this and you screwed it up.

Jake has no idea what Davis is saying.

DAVIS
Are you completely sure your wife is carrying <u>your</u> child?

CU. JAKE

A CRASH OF MUSIC. Short-circuit.

CU. DAVIS

A smug, wicked smile.

CU. JAKE

Tries to recover.

JAKE
I'm sure.

CU. DAVIS

He raises an eyebrow.

DAVIS
You were having problems. Right?

CU. JAKE

A hard, cold look, locked on Davis.

CU. DAVIS

Leans forward and lights a cigarette.

DAVIS
Kristy told me you didn't have the juice to take care of her.

He leans back and draws a lungful. He lets it escape his nose and mouth. A cold, bitter smile.

DAVIS
She had to call in a pinch hitter, pal.

CU. JAKE

His heart explodes. His eyes close.

175 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 175
CU. KRISTY'S CHEST. FLASHBACK...

Back to the hand in the shirt. Davis's hand, months before, slips into the shirt and grabs her breast. Her hand grabs his wrist and draws the hand out.

INT. BEDROOM

Same scene. The completion of it. Kristy's holding Davis' wrist.

DAVIS
What's wrong?

KRISTY
Not in this lifetime, Davis.

DAVIS
Why?

KRISTY
You have to ask?

DAVIS
You really love him?

KRISTY
With everything I am. Nothing will ever change it. Your hand on my breast, your lips on mine, your money, your charm...

DAVIS
It doesn't have to be about love. You're not curious?

Kristy shakes her head.

DAVIS
Didn't you ever sneak candy when you were little?

KRISTY
I'm not little anymore, Davis.

DAVIS
You got cold, huh?

KRISTY
I didn't get cold. I just found out something you're not even close to yet.

DAVIS
Educate me.

KRISTY
It won't mean anything. You gotta find it out yourself. You gotta feel it in your own skin.

She lets go of his wrist.

DAVIS
Okay.

KRISTY
I won't say anything to Jake. This isn't fatal. You have your good points.

She leans over and kisses his cheek.

KRISTY
You better call your Dad. This one might come back to haunt you.

DAVIS
You figured it out, huh?

KRISTY
Yeah.

She gets up and exits the room.

CU. DAVIS

He turns serious.

DAVIS
You're the only one I ever wanted.

CU. KRISTY

She smiles.

KRISTY
I know. But it won't happen. And the minute you try, you're gone. Good night.

176 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 176
CU. DAVIS

In the PRESENT. He's staring at Jake, smoking his cigarette.

CU. JAKE

He's staring at Davis.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake suddenly leaps out of his seat, crashes across the coffee table and grabs Davis by the shirt front and hurls him across the room into the breakfront. He takes Davis completely by surprise. His cigarette spits sparks, his glasses fly off his face. He hits the breakfronts, shattering the glass and the contents. Jake grabs him by the skin of his neck and presses him to the wall.

176 CONTD.

176 CONTD.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kristy rushes in the room.

KRISTY
JAKE!

CU. JAKE AND DAVIS

Jake has Davis by the neck, pressed hard against the wall. Davis' cheek is bleeding. Jake doesn't say anything. There's nothing to say. It's all emotion.

KRISTY (OC)
JAKE! STOP IT! STOP!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kristy crosses quickly to Jake and grabs the back of his shirt. She pulls at him. Jake doesn't move. She pounds on his back. On the reflex, he releases Davis and turns his anger to her. She steps away. He turns back, grabs Davis and throws him to the ground.

KRISTY
Are you crazy?!

Jake glares at her.

KRISTY
Davis?

Davis' back is cut and bleeding through his shirt.

KRISTY
What happened?

Jake storms out.

177 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 177

Jake bursts out the door, leaving it open behind him. He disappears into the night. Kristy stands at the door and yells to him.

KRISTY
JAKE! GODDDAMNIT! JAKE!

178 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 178
Kristy turns back into the room. Davis is standing in the middle of the room, ashen, on the verge of tears.

KRISTY
What happened?

DAVIS
I'm sorry.

Kristy thinks Davis is refering to the damage to her breakfront.

KRISTY
It's okay.

DAVIS
Kristy, I did something terrible.

Kristy knows it has to do with their interlude.

179 EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT 179

Jake's sitting on a bench outside the station. A train whistle blows in the distance. Jake looks down the track.

HIS POV

A train light burning down the track. Approaching.

EXT. STREET. CROSSING GATES

They go down as the train approaches.

CU. JAKE

He's looking down the tracks. He stands up.

HIS POV

The train is bearing down on the station.

CU. JAKE

He's watching the train.

EXT. TRACKS. TRAIN

It's an express train. Full clip. Midnight speed. The horn BLASTS A WARNING.

CU. JAKE

He closes his eyes.

EXT. STATION

The train light illuminates the track and the station.

179 CONTD. 179 CONTD

EXT. TRACK

Further down the track from the station. Jake at the edge of the platform. The train crushing down on the station.

EXT. TRAIN

A blur of light and movement and violent NOISE.

180 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 180

Kristy's on her hands and knees, cleaning the blood off the carpet with club soda. She stops, looks up, sits back on her heels.

HER POV

Jake's standing in the foyer, looking into the living room.

CU. KRISTY

She looks at Jake.

KRISTY
It's not true.

JAKE

He nods.

JAKE
Where is he?

KRISTY

She sets the club soda bottle on the coffee table.

KRISTY
He called a cab. He's gone.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake nods cold and heartless. He crosses the living room, passes Kristy and starts up the stairs. Kristy holds her position. Closes her eyes and leans her head against the couch. Jake turns back to her.

JAKE
I'm sorry, Kristy.

She looks up at him.

KRISTY
It's not true.

180 CONTD. 180 CONTD.

He nods.

JAKE
I'm going to try.

KRISTY
Try what?

JAKE
I'm going to try to be a husband.

CU. KRISTY

A sad smile.

KRISTY
I'll be up in a little bit. Go ahead.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake walks down the stairs. Kristy stands up. He crosses to her and takes her in his arms. He holds her tight. She holds him tighter.

*181 EXT. HOUSE. MORNING - OCT. 86 181

Jake's in the backyard, raking leaves.

JAKE'S VOICE
I wished I could have erased my life and started all over again. Start new with Kristy. Start new with everything.

He hears something. He looks up.

HIS POV

Milt's in his backyard riding his bike on the rollers. His hair's blowing. He's talking to himself. Preparing for another affair. Nothing changes.

JAKE

He watches Milt for a moment then goes back to his work.

JAKE'S VOICE
I screwed-up what was, as far as I could tell, the only life I'd have. I couldn't convince myself that everything was alright. A price had to be paid for all the mistakes I made.
(CONTD.)

180 CONTD. 180 CONTD.

JAKE
(CONTD.)
It was out there. I could feel it. Circling, stalking me. Waiting to strike.

181A INT. LIVING ROOM 181A

Kristy's sitting on the couch. CAMERA'S ACROSS THE ROOM. WIDE ANGLE LENS. She's holding her stomach. She twitches. Something is happening. CAMERA MOVES IN ON HER. LOW, RISING TO HER FACE. A shiver of fear and excitement. Another twitch.

181B EXT. YARD 181B

Jake's bagging the pile of leaves he's raked.

KRISTY (OC)
Jake!

Jake turns to the house.

HIS POV

Kristy's standing at the kitchen window.

KRISTY
You better come in.

JAKE

He smiles.

JAKE
Let me finish this up and I'll be right in.

KRISTY

She winces.

KRISTY
You better come in.

JAKE

He lifts a load of leaves. It hits him. He freezes like a deer stunned by headlights. He looks to Milt.

MILT

He climbs off his bike. He knows what's happening.

MILT
Hope it's a girl!

CU. JAKE

He looks to the house.

CU. KRISTY

She nods.

EXT. YARD. JAKE

Jake races to the house.

182 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 182

Jake's on the phone. He's in a complete panic.

JAKE
She's in labor. The water thing happened, she's contracting all over the goddamn place. We're leaving for the hospital. We'll meet you there.

He slams the phone down.

*182A EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE 182A

A UPS truck pulls up in front of the house, blocking the driveway. The driver gets out and crosses to the house across the street.

183 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 183

Kristy's sitting on the couch, clutching her belly. Jake dashes in.

KRISTY
Did you call him?

JAKE
Yeah. How are you?

KRISTY
Did you tell him who you were?

183 CONTD.

183 CONTD.

Jakes's about to answer. He stops himself. He races out of the room.

*184 EXT. HOUSE 184

Jake races out of the house with Kristy's suitcase. He sees the UPS truck. Full panic. He runs to the truck, yells for the driver. Doesn't see him. Runs back to the car, jumps in. Fires up the engine. He pulls out onto the lawn.

KEN AND HANK

They watch in disbelief.

EXT. STREET

Jake roars across his lawn into the street. The UPS truck pulls out.

CU. KRISTY

She's dumbfounded at Jake's behavior. She looks out the door, down the street.

EXT. HOUSE. DAY. KRISTY'S POV

Jake's car disappears around the corner.

CU. KRISTY

She doesn't know what to think. O.C. we hear squealing tires. Kristy looks down the street in the opposite direction.

HER POV

Jake has circled the block. He squeals around the corner and whips into the driveway, skidding into the garage, creaming his lawn mower. He puts car in reverse, backs out and it dies. Jake leaps out of the car and helps Kristy into the car. He runs around to his side and jumps in. He throws the car in reverse and it dies. He cranks it over. It dies. We can HEAR HIM CURSING inside the car. He cranks it again and it catches. He floors it, races the engine. Neighbors are out of their houses. The car shoots into the street. The horn blasts and the car roars off.

CU. LYNN & CYNTHIA

They watch the car wheeling away. Something occurs to Lynn.

LYNN
I owe you a box of Cling-Free. It was goat cheese.

CU. MILT

Peeks around the side of the house. Missed everything.

CU. KEN & HANK

Can't believe what they've just seen.

HANK
He killed his mower.

They take off their hats and puts them over their hearts.

185 INT. CAR - DAY 185

Jake's driving like a maniac. The radio's blasting. Kristy's having terrible contractions.

JAKE
I'll time your contractions on the trip computer. If I go sixty miles an hour, each mile'll be a minute. Half mile, 30 seconds...

186 EXT. TOWN - DAY 186

Jake burns through town. A cop car splits off from traffic and chases after Jake.

*187 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY 187

Jake's pulled over. A cop is walking to his car. Jake jumps out.

JAKE
Nine months ago I had sex with your wife. Now she's pregnant and I'm having a baby.

Kristy waves to the cop. She taps her watch. A reminder that time is of the essence.

COP
Follow me!

187 CONTD. 187 CONTD.

JAKE
If it's a cop I'll name it a boy.

The cop nods and runs back to his car. He charges up his engine, hits the siren and pulls out.

188 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY 188

The cop car is racing down the street with the SIREN HOWLING. Jake's behind him.

189 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 189

The cop car pulls into the hospital drive. Jake keeps going. CLEARS FRAME. A beat and he whips back INTO FRAME and flies into the driveway.

190 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY 190

A nurse is rushing Kristy down the hall in a wheelchair. Jake's hurrying along behind.

JAKE
Breathe in, breathe out. Breathe in, breathe out.

They round a corner.

JAKE
Breathe in, breathe out...

*191 INT. BIRTH ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON 191

Kristy's hooked-up to the fetal monitor. Laying in bed. Jake's next to her. A television set is on.

JAKE
We took the classes, we know what to do. Do you have your focal point?

KRISTY
The dial on the TV.

JAKE
Okay. Keep watching it and I'll time the contractions. Okay?

Kristy nods. A contraction is coming on.

191 CONTD. 191 CONTD.

JAKE
Concentrate on your focal point. Not on the pain. It doesn't hurt. Remember, it doesn't hurt. I'm here. I'm right here with you. Every step of the way.

KRISTY
Time the contraction!

JAKE
Oh, God! I'm sorry.

He looks at his watch.

JAKE
When did it start?

Kristy's in the midst of the contraction.

JAKE
Kristy? Is it about ten seconds?

She's in agony. He stands up, blocking her view of her focal point.

JAKE
Let's call it ten seconds. No, fifteen.

She waves her arms frantically for him to move.

JAKE
Okay...what?

She's waving her arm furiously for him to move.

JAKE
Twenty, twenty one, twenty two...what?

The contraction passes and she lets out a deep breath.

JAKE
Alright. We made it through another one.

He kisses her forehead. Another contraction grips her.

JAKE
Another one? So quick?

191A INT. HALLWAY 191A

We hear ake YELL for a nurse.

*191B INT. BIRTH ROOM 191B

Kristy has been transferred to a gurney and is being wheeled out. Jake holds her hand as long as possible. She gives him

192 INT. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - DAY 192

Kristy's wheeled down the hallway.

193 INT. ROOM - DAY 193

A NURSE hands Jake a gown, shoe covers and a mask.

NURSE
Put this on and come back to me and I'll take you in.

JAKE
She's alright?

NURSE
Yes.

JAKE
Is this stuff my size?

NURSE
It's one size fits all, Mr. Briggs.

JAKE
Great.

She exits and Jake drops his pants and begins unbuttoning his shirt. The nurse sticks her head in.

NURSE
That goes <u>over</u> your clothes.

He pulls his pants up.

194 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 194

Jake waddles down the hall in his new outfit. He stops and checks himself out in a glass door panel. The nurse comes for him.

NURSE
You look very official.

JAKE
Does the butt have to be this big?

NURSE
Yes.

195 INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY 195

The Nurse leads Jake into the room. He's timid and shy.

HIS POV

Doctors and nurses hover over Kristy as she lays on the table. There's an unusual flurry of activity.

CU. JAKE

He puts his mask up over his face.

HIS POV

One of the doctors yells to another. A nurse turns to Jake. She motions to the nurse who brought Jake in.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

The nurse takes Jake's arm.

NURSE
You'll have to wait outside.

JAKE
What? Why?

It suddenly occurs to him that something's wrong. That he's being removed because something's wrong.

JAKE
What's the matter?

The nurse urges him toward the door.

JAKE
What's wrong!

195 CONTD. 195 CONTD.

HIS POV

The doctors are working furiously. The nurse at the table rushes to the door and Jake.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

The nurse shoves Jake out of the room.

NURSE
There's a complication. You'll have to wait outside.

JAKE
What complication? What's wrong?

NURSE
Please!

JAKE
That's my wife...she's my wife. She's my wife...

196 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 196

Jake backs out of the room. A DOCTOR is running up the hallway. Jack backs out of the way. The doctor dashes into the delivery room. Jake backs against the wall. He pulls down his mask. CRASH OF MUSIC. His eyes are filled with tears. He looks at the nurses.

HIS POV

They're talking. The second nurse return to the OR.

INT. HALLWAY

The first nurse crosses to Jake.

NURSE
Mr. Briggs.

He looks at her.

NURSE
The baby is in a breech presentation. It's coming out backwards.

JAKE
(starting to cry)
Tell me what it means.

NURSE
The soft parts of the lower portion of the body and trunk can mold to fit through the pelvis but the head has no chance to undergo that molding.

JAKE
(crying)
What's it mean?

NURSE
They didn't discover it until the body had been discovered. The head is caught.

JAKE
Please tell me...

NURSE
They're not anticipating a live birth.

He grabs her arms and holds onto her.

JAKE
It's my fault. I didn't love her enough...

He slides down her body to his knees. She kneels to help him. He covers his face and tucks his head into his belly. WE PULL BACK AND BACK AND BACK ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LONG, EMPTY HALL. MUSIC COMES UP AND CONTINUES OVER...

197 INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM 197

A dark corner between wall and bleachers. A dance is under way. Kristy's 16. Jake's 17. She's smiling, happy. He's nervous and shy. He looks to see if anybody's watching. He leans against the wall. She leans against the wall. They look at each other. He throws one more lock to see that no one's watching. He kisses her. He bows her head. She smiles and bites her lower lip.

CU. KRISTY

The look of love. Young and naive, but serious.

CU. JAKE

He looks at her. The same look. The moment that sealed their fate. A little nervous smile.

CU. HANDS

She takes his hand and squeezes it hard.

198 EXT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT 198

Lights never go out in a hospital. Time doesn't mean anything to birth, death and sickness.

198A MONTAGE SEQUENCE -- MAIN SUBJECT FRAMED ALTERNATIVELY LEFT AND RIGHT. QUICK DISSOLVES THROUGH A SERIES OF IMAGES. ALL ACTION IS SLOW MOTION. 198A

-- DOCTOR'S GLOVED HAND REACHING FOR A SCALPEL
-- FRENZIED ACTIVITY IN THE DELIVERY ROOM
-- KRISTY'S AGONIZED FACE, A SCREAM
-- KRISTY'S HAND CLUTCHING THE SHEETS
-- A TEAR ROLLING DOWN KRISTY'S FACE
-- JAKE AND KRISTY ON THE ALTAR
-- KISSING ON THE COUNTRY CLUB PATIO
-- JAKE WRITING IN THE BEDROOM OF THE FIRST CHICAGO HOUSE
-- JAKE AT THE TRAIN STATION
-- JAKE AND KRISTY'S HOUSE, JAKE LEAVING, KRISTY STANDING IN THE DOOR
-- SPREADING THE NEWSPAPER ON THE FLOOR
-- JAKE AND KRISTY WALKING DOWN THE STREET ARM IN ARM
-- KRISTY LAUGHING
-- JAKE SMILING
-- JAKE AND KRISTY SITTING IN BED READING THE NEWSPAPER IN THE BACKYARD ON THE CHAISE LOUNGE
-- THE PARENTS OVER FOR DINNER
-- JAKE AND KRISTY ON THE COUCH IN THE LIVING ROOM. JAKE ASLEEP WITH HIS HEAD IN HER LAP, SHE STROKING HIS HAIR, LOOKING AT THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE
-- KRISTY PREGNANT, JAKE FEELING THE BABY KICK
-- HANGING THE WALLPAPER IN THE BABY'S ROOM
-- THE BABY SHOWER
-- KRISTY GOING INTO LABOR
-- RACING TO THE HOSPITAL

THE MONTAGE ENDS WITH JAKE HURRYING KRISTY DOWN THE HALL OF THE HOSPITAL. THEY WIPE ACROSS FRAME. ACTION RETURNS TO NORMAL AND WE MOVE INTO THE ROOM TO SEE...

199 INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT 199

Jake's sitting in a chair, staring out the window. Kristy's parents and Jake's parents are in the lounge. It's silent. Jake looks from the window to the parents. He catches his mother's eye. It's all she can do to keep from crying. She tries to reassure him with a smile. Russ looks up from his shoes. He looks at Jake. Jake looks at him. Russ gives him a shimmer of a smile. Jake returns it. The first warm moment betweeb tge two men. The nurse we saw earlier comes in. She nods to Jake. Everyone looks up.

200 INT. KRISTY'S ROOM - DAWN 200

It's dark except for the grim, cold, yellowy band of sunlight on the horizon outside the window. She's laying still in the bed.

INT. ROOM. DOORWAY

Jake's standing in the doorway, looking in. He's almost afraid to come in.

HIS POV

Kristy turns her head to him.

CU. JAKE

He's blinded by his tears. He wipes them away with his forearm. Tries to be strong.

CU. KRISTY

She's exhausted but glad to see him.

KRISTY
Hi, sweetie...

INT. BEDROOM

Jake slowly walks to thebed. She holds out her hand. He takes it and squeezes it. He drops to a knee and presses her hand to his mouth and kisses it. He starts to sob. He tries to control himself. His body convulses.

KRISTY
Don't...

He sucks in a calming breath. He nods away the urge to break.

KRISTY
I wanted to tell you. I didn't want the nurses or anybody else to say anything.

CU. JAKE

He looks up at her. He's torn eight ways. On the verge of collapse. He can't bear it. He knows what she's going to say.

CU. KRISTY

She smiles.

KRISTY
It's a boy.

200 CONTD. 200 CONTD.

CU. JAKE

A HUGE CRESCENDO. The tears spill from his eyes and splash down across his smile, over his teeth into his mouth. MUSIC CONTINUES TO THE END.

INT. BEDROOM

Jake rises, runs his fingers into her hair and kisses her.

KRISTY
(laughs)
My stitches...

Jake kneels again and lays his head on her chest. She puts her arm around his neck and holds him. He cries as the sun breaks outside.

201 EXT. HOUSE - DAY 201

A beautiful spring day. The house is bedecked in blue ribbon and crepe paper. It hangs from the trees. A computer print-out sign strung across the front of the house announces that it's a boy.

202 INT. HOUSE - DAY 202

Friends and relatives are talking, eating, drinking.

203 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY 203

It's quiet except for the MURMUR of the crowd below. At the end of the hall, the master bedroom door is closed. A little BOY and a little GIRL have their ears pressed against the door, trying to listen.

204 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 204

CU. PAPERS

A stack of dog-eared manuscript pages laying on a bedspread.

JAKE'S VOICE
And in the end I realized that I took more than I gave. That I was loved more than I loved. That I was trusted more than I trusted.

INT. BEDROOM

Jake and Kristy are laying in bed. The baby's between them. Sleeping. Jake's reading from a sheet of paper. The stack of papers is beside him. It's the book and he's reading it to Kristy.

204 CONTD.

JAKE
That what I was looking for was not to be found but to be made.

Jake lays the sheet aside and kisses the baby's forehead. He kisses Kristy. FADE DOWN. FADE IN.

END TITLES RUN, WHITE AGAINST BLACK ALONGSIDE THE FOLLOWING...

205

*205 INT. BABY'S ROOM - DAY

Jake's standing at the changing table, trying to change the baby. He can't get the tape tabs to work. He can't get them open. He can't get them to stick. They pull off. They're missing. They're defective.

JAKE
Kristy! These stupid-ass SuperStik tape tabs don't work! Kristy!

He exits, calling for Kristy.

JAKE
Kristy! Honey! Can you help me out here?

A beat and Jake rushes back in the room and grabs the baby off the changing table. He exits again. This time with the baby.

FADE

206 OMIT

*206 OMIT

THE END